

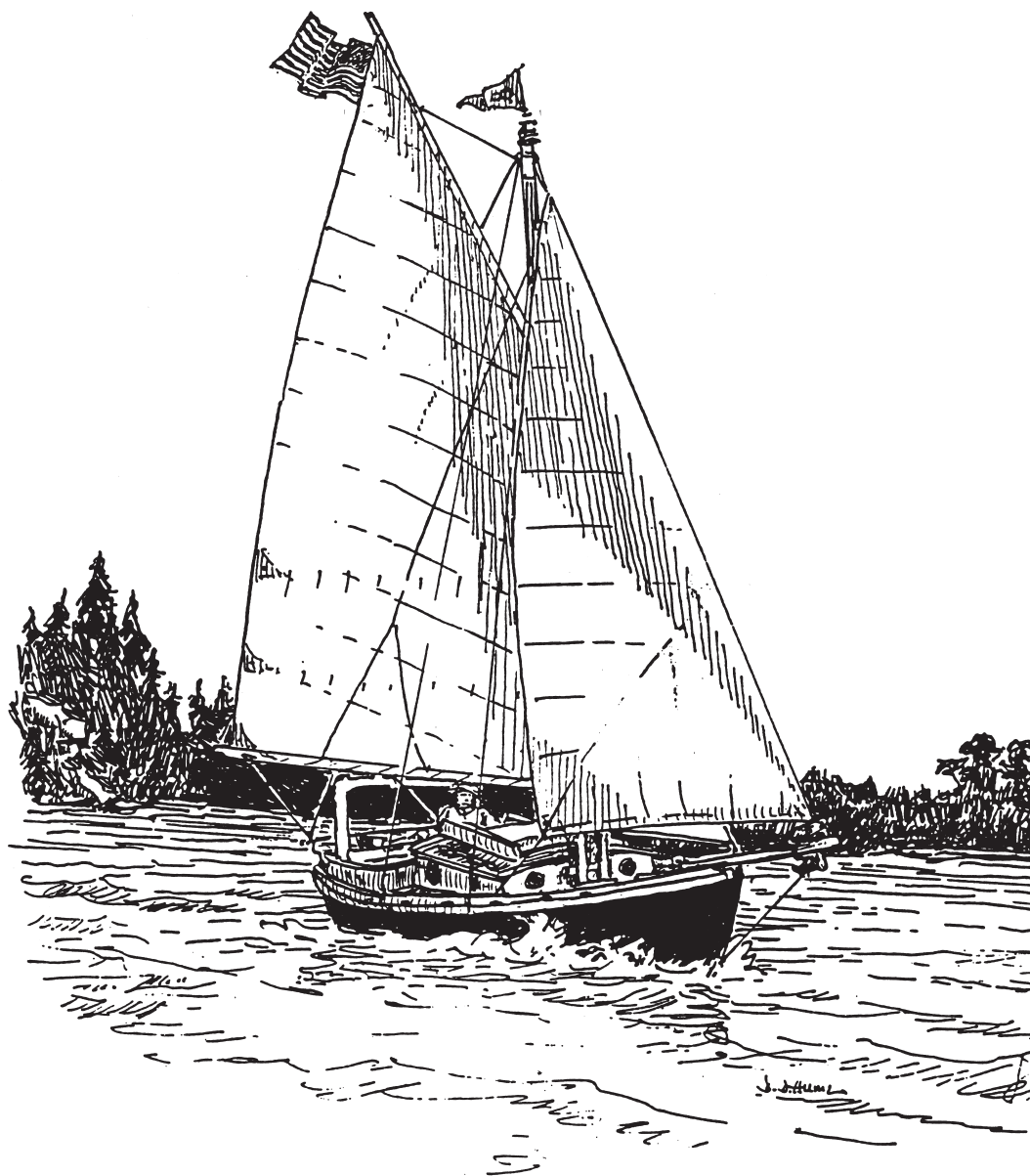


messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Recollections of a Cruise in *Blueberry*”
“Niagara Chapter ACBS 2006 Boat Show”

Volume 24 – Number 13

November 15, 2006



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On the Cover...

David Hume's drawing of his little sloop *Blueberry* first appeared on the cover of the July 15, 1994 issue. This is the first time we've ever repeated a cover. But David's tale, featured in this issue, of a cruise in his *Blueberry* is not a repeat but another chapter from his book *Blueberry, a Boat of the Connecticut Shoreline*.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



During the now past boating season we have received a number of newspaper clippings from readers who thought we might find them of interest. We always do, but do not attempt to obtain permission to reprint any of them as this is often an involved process (and sometimes would be costly if payment were demanded). But I do want to run past you some of them that had a more positive slant to them than the most common report of someone drowning or nearly so in a small boat. Such unfortunate happenings, particularly in early spring or late fall, make headlines while routine daily auto accidents that kill and injure far more people get more cursory coverage, if any, unless they are particularly spectacular. As usual, the media likes to focus on things that happen to people not engaging in mainstream activities.

And so to some upbeat items:

A paper entitled *No Umbrella* out of Newport, Maine, featured an article with photos on a local high school science teacher leading a class in building what they believe is the world's longest canoe. The resulting boat was launched in July in Sebasticook Lake, it measured 149'1" in length. It spent one hour in the water with 36 paddlers aboard. It has been entered for consideration for inclusion in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the current longest canoe record is a New Zealand effort at 117'.

Pumpkin boats appear every fall, this appears to be considered an imaginative use for those hyperthyroid vegetables some farmers grow each year for exhibition and prize winning at local fairs. The *Republican American* (hometown unknown from clipping, but we guess from information in the article that it is in western Massachusetts) pictured a man from the town of Goshen afloat in a 900lb pumpkin wielding his fishing rod. The pumpkin had won second place in a local fair and it had a wall (hull) thickness of 10". As the old time saying once went, "Land O' Goshen!"

The *Gloucester* (Massachusetts) *Daily Times* carried an upbeat tale of how a group in nearby Amesbury has formed to try to keep the historic old Lowell's Boat Shop alive. The shop is owned by the Newburyport (Massachusetts) Maritime Museum and has been operated by them as a living museum. It has a National Historic Site accreditation but was offered for sale by the museum. The businessmen types attempting the purchase/bailout plan to operate it as a historic facility that will pay its own way.

The *Ellsworth American* of that Maine seacoast town trumpeted the arrival in nearby Blue Hill of a fleet of yachts led by the 160' three master *Arabella*, a former yacht for movie star Kelly McGillis (?). *Arabella* now charters for \$78,000 weekly. Other yachts from the International Yacht Restoration School Cruise in town took part in a gathering the paper announced as "Here Come the Big Guys." And as a sort of sidebar, local Brooklin (*WoodenBoat's* home town) talked about their trade and its current level of prosperity (high) with up to three year waiting periods for delivery of high end yachts.

Dan Sheehan of Kingston, Massachusetts, who operates as Cal Tech Kayaks (see his ad in *MAIB*) was featured in *The Kingston Reporter* which described him thusly: "artisan uses old designs and modern techniques to hand-make kayaks." Dan has most of the late Bart Hawthaway's designs and building molds and has built up a line of 15 models of his own drawing on the Hawthaway legacy. Dan described his Hawthaway Rob Roy, the most popular enduring model, as "the kind of boat you can put a picnic in, row (sic) down the river, and enjoy a picnic lunch anywhere." Or maybe that's what the reporter thought he said anyway.

The Quincy (Massachusetts) *Patriot Ledger* departed its local Massachusetts south shore haunts to travel to the Harold Burnham boatyard on the North Shore's Essex River to cover the launching of Harold's latest traditional vessel, the 38' *Isabella*, a 20-ton schooner "built in the style of an early 1800s fishing vessel." They were impressed that 3,000 people turned up for the launching. I was away at the time so could not bring you my usual enthusiastic coverage of anything Harold builds.

The same *Patriot Ledger* did a really big spread in its "Get Out!" section in a feature entitled "Dream Ride" about Gondola di Venezia, a two boat enterprise on Boston's Charles River. Owner Joseph Gibbons of suburban Boxboro operates two gondolas handmade in Venice, described as "the real deal, not plastic reproductions found in Las Vegas." Apparently the romantic aspect of the craft attract a steady clientele of couples, young and old.

Yes, there were some of the safety/scare articles, chiefly in the spring when those concerned about boating safety issue their annual warning to those who need it. Since we really don't. I'm not going to include any it here, we've heard it all over and over again.

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From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

I recollect the disconcerting tale of the old abandoned house by the edge of the pond. This is a lovely, long, shallow pond half a mile in length flowing into a mile of marshes. To the east of these is a wooded hillside, to the west a low, wooded island and then the river. The pond is connected to the river by tidal estuaries. The wet parts of the marsh are filled with cattail and wild rice, pickerel weed, bull rush, and yellow iris; the dry parts with viburnum, wild rose, and mallow. The island is a sand bar and some silver maples on it have grown so huge that you and I together couldn't reach around them.

I was fortunate to own a few acres on this island and had built myself a cabin there, a wildwood retreat for my wayward soul. The pond was my neighbor, the marshes my larder, the river my goddess, and the island my shrine. And my nimble, swift canoe was my closest friend. Across the pond the hemlock clad hill rose slowly toward the local road, a quietude away. There still remained the vestige of an old woods road coming down to the pond and leading to the house at the water's edge. This was a small, two-story structure with a mortared stone foundation, a proper house half a century ago. Now it was empty, the windows smashed and graffiti of the biker clubs scrawled across the plaster. I'd explored the house. It was merely a shell, a tiny square dot on the town assessor's map.

But one day, one summer, as I paddled to the island from the ferry landing I could see a column of dark, dirty smoke climbing up the clean air from beyond the pond. No fire truck could navigate the unkempt woods road. The police came by boat but there was nothing they could do except keep the blaze from spreading to the hemlocks using handheld sprayers. When it was over nothing remained save a smoking foundation, a crumpled gas can, and a large melted ruin of stolen goods.

And the overdone remains of what had been a man. A lot of excitement for our little town. There was much speculation with few results. Nary a witness. Not a house about for half a mile in any direction, save mine, of course, and no one ever thought to ask me. And not having been aware of this business, my answers would have been to no avail. Had they asked me where the osprey made her nest, had they asked me where the trillium modestly blossomed, I might have answered. Had they asked me why the black snake watched my woodpile, why the phoebe perched upon my door, I might have responded. But what could I have told them about the world of men?

The police brought out a launch which they towed with their patrol boat, piled it high with the stolen gear, and took it all away. They were no more than halfway across the pond when the launch capsized from overloading. The water there isn't more than up to your ears so they managed to retrieve nearly everything. A good thing, too, for the carp has no need of any more distractions than he has already, the great blue heron no need of the sight of manmade rubbish as she glides above the pond to her cottonwood tree.

Finally all of the men were departed and the marsh and the pond were quiet again. Except for the 400 redwing blackbirds nesting 'mid the rushes, clucking and cackling and singing of the summer. Except for the kingfisher swooping down the estuary, chuckling to himself. Except for the splash of the snapping turtle dropping from her hole in the sandy bank. And the muted rumble of the oil tanker, laboring up river, her plaintive horn calling for the swing bridge to open. In the evening I emerge with my nimble canoe and wander by the marshes. I listen to the squawk of the lovely night heron, watch the bats come wheeling across the pond, and hope that forever there will be some wilderness, even though men and their idiocy persist.

The Young Sea Officer's Sheet Anchor

A Key to the Leading of Rigging, and to Practical Seamanship

By Darcy Lever (1760?-1837)

Originally published 1808, revised and updated in 1858 by George Blunt (Toronto, Canada: Lee Valley Tools, Algrove Publishing Classic Reprint Series, 2000) (800) 871-8158 <http://www.leevalley.com>
Hardcover: \$27.50

Reviewed by Jock Yellott

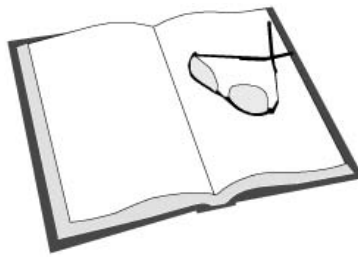
Notice I recommend the hardcover edition from Lee Valley Tools, not the cheaper paperbacks available on Amazon.com. It is well worth splurging on this sumptuous reprint from the heyday of the square-riggers. Because "a mere verbal explanation often perplexes the Mind," beautiful explanatory illustrations embellish its text. Also, Lee Valley will send a free catalog of woodworking tools if asked, which you can leave someplace conspicuous in the weeks before Christmas.

I was brought to the book by an oblique reference tucked away in one of the knot-tying articles in Hervey Garrett Smith's *The Marlinspike Sailor* (Camden, Maine: International Marine, 1971). That book, too, I can heartily recommend to knot aficionados, but it is a paperback with a whiff about it of Ye Olde Museum Bookshop. Smith, an avid sailor, in fact founded what is now the Long Island Maritime Museum in 1966. *The Young Sea Officer's Sheet Anchor*, in contrast is 100% authentic saltwater, tar, and oakum. For instance, the beguiling word marlinspike itself, I discovered, had nothing to do with a certain sport fish. It was originally Marling Spike, "a Pin of a similar Mould (to a fid, but) on the upper end is raised a Knob, called the Head." Marling is a very old word for tying.

In the Preface a dozen ships' captains endorse *The Young Sea Officer's Sheet Anchor* as "judiciously managed" and it is. Tight like hemp fibers twisted into rope yarns, yarns twisted into strands, strands into rope "laid right-handed or what is termed with the sun." Even the table of contents is a delight. What is a Selvagee and why would you want one? Easy to look it up. Gammonings, Goring, Grafting, Nave Line, Netting, Nippering.

The book builds from simple knots and splices into compound blocks and tackles, rigging the masts and yards, bending sails, weighing anchor, navigating off or on the wind, boxing the compass, etc. It ends fittingly enough with coming to anchor in different situations of wind, tide, and current. And the precaution "too much neglected" when the vessel has swung round its own cables, of "clearing the hawse," round turns in the hawse being "a disgusting sight to an active seaman." Several appendices bring us up to date with the very latest modern innovations of the American clipper ships, circa 1858.

Learning the Carrick Bend versus the Fisherman's Bend these days is pretty much optional for young sailors and idle fun for their elders. But on a frigate sailors had to learn these knots and three dozen more



Book Reviews

because each had its own purpose. A buoy rope knot would not do where a Mathew Walker was called for. Though I must say a lot of 19th century knots depended on unlaying burly three-strand hemp or manilla, knowledge of which is nearly useless for today's limp slippery single strand braided nylon and polyester.

You can marvel at how they rigged an ingenious daisy chain of blocks tethered to more blocks multiplying tension to tighten laniards between deadeyes. But today there are no deadeyes and laniards, today you'd just turn the turnbuckle on the steel wire of the standing rigging. Unless you sail one of the older Friendship sloops, in which case you might well profit from the Royal Navy's experience stretching shrouds.

The book is advertised as an aid to model makers and a treat for fans of Patrick O'Brian and C.S. Forester. Like their novels, it is an armchair voyage to an earlier age, a glimpse of sailors swarming up ratlines, reeving halliards (today's spelling halyard may be closer to the original haul-yard), hauling sheets, whips, and tricing lines, clewing up and reefing. Incidentally, they reefed with reef knots (to landlubbers the square knot) not the undependable tie-your-shoes-with-loops called a slipped reef knot. Astounding that young men could put together and take apart by hand all the forest of masts and yards and fantastic tangle of rigging, like a Chinese puzzle, and at sea, often under fire.

Today a 14-year-old's hands are mostly idle. Glued to a Gameboy or aimlessly tapping text-mails, or doodling with a pencil the soon forgotten algebra for busywork schools. Time was when "young gentlemen of the Royal Navy" were vital to the ship they served and had to learn practical skills, working vocabulary. They grew up fast. A midshipman's life was harder, and likely much shorter. Maybe also more meaningful; more intensely lived?

Myth, Fact, and Navigator's Secrets *Incredible Tales of the Sea and Sailors*

By J. Gregory Gill

The Lyons Press

P.O. Box 480, Guilford, CT 06437

Paperback \$15.95

Reviewed by David Howard

"Some writers create coffee table books. I conceived *Myth, Fact, and Navigator's Secrets* as a head book (that's a bathroom book for you landlubbers)."

So the author describes his book in the introduction. In fact, the book is a collection of 64 pieces (I think of them as articles) of nautical story telling, ranging from the activities of German U-boats in WWI to the design and use of the bo'sun's pipe. The average length of these articles is about three-and-a-half pages so every one is a quick read.

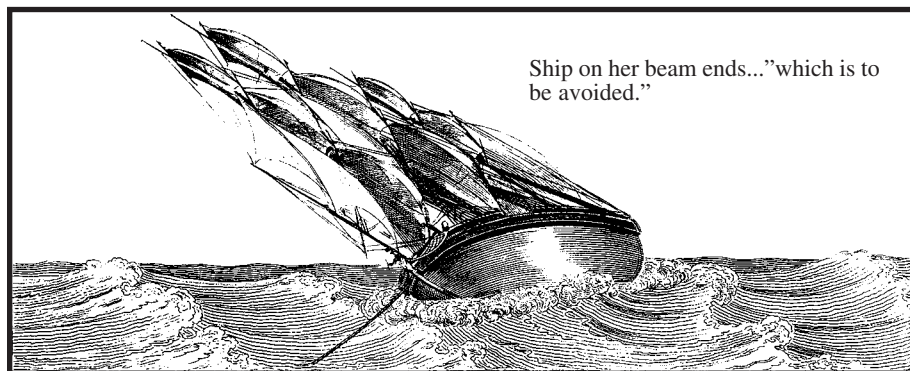
The author's voice throughout is one of matter of fact delivery with a sly, dry humor; he's letting you in on a private joke. His article on figureheads, for example, has a photograph of Larinda's Kermit the Frog in coat-tails and three cornered hat.

Many of these articles relate to Gregory Dill's native town of Halifax, Nova Scotia. In "Minor Collision Destroys Port," he tells of the horrific explosion that rocked Halifax in 1917. A fishing vessel and a munitions carrier bumped in the channel.

"The Recycled Privateer" is a story of a ship that changed hands several times. As a slave ship she was captured by the British, sold in Halifax to a merchant who fitted her out as a privateer in the 1812 War. Subsequently captured by an American privateer, she went to Boston, sailed under an American letter of marque (there is an article on that, too), before being captured again and returned to Halifax.

Numerous articles are centered around piracy, privateering, and the difference, or lack thereof, between the two. The story of Henry Morgan is a case in point. Granted a Letter of Marque by British King James, Morgan sailed off to the Caribbean to harass Spanish ships. Meanwhile, Britain and Spain signed a peace treaty and the Spanish complained about Morgan's predatory ways. He was recalled to England to face piracy charges. After two months at home Morgan was so celebrated and loved that he was sent back to Jamaica to serve as governor, where he died in office.

So this book is one of continuing variety with readable stories for all situations. But don't leave it behind at the laundromat or you'll never see it again.



You write to us about...

Advenures & Experiences...

Cheers 38 Years Later

I recently spent ten days in the south of France helping to ready the rebuilt (50% new) 40' proa *Cheers* for launching and sailing. Unfortunately, the trial sails were delayed by strong mistral winds until after my departure so I didn't have the pleasure of sailing her again, 38 years after Tom Follett sailed her to third place in the 1968 OSTAR.

Doctors Melie and Vincent Besin did an excellent rebuild and a happy re-launch, 300 attending. Seven owners of my designs were there and Moxie, 1980 OSTAR winner, also attended. *Cheers* has been designated a French "Monument Historique," a great pleasure for me, of course. She will be kept in commission ready to sail and to be inspected by the public in Port St. Louis du Rhone, an hour's drive west of Marseille.

Cheers, Dick Newick, Sebastopol, CA



Cheers.



Moxie.

To Upper Lake Huron in 1820

Michilimackinac, June 9, 1820: The expedition left Detroit on the 24th of May and reached this island on the 6th inst. We have experienced a great deal of boisterous weather in passing through Lakes St. Clair and Huron and have been detained several days by headwinds. The lands along the shore of Lake Huron are generally low, wet, and poor and covered principally by pine, spruce, and hemlock. The mineralogical character of the country has been less interesting than expected. I have, however, made considerable collections and detected some substances which promise to add to the commerce of the country. Among these the discovery of large bodies of gypsum in the St. Martin's Islands, in the straits of Michigan, is the most important.

The island of Michilimackinac presents a very picturesque appearance on approaching it from the Lake. It is elevated 310' above the level of the Lake, is nine miles in circumference and three broad, and has a population of from 400 to 500 persons who are permanent, but sometimes it is increased by traders

and transient persons to 2,000 or 3,000. The harbor is safe and well protected from the winds. The town lies on a narrow alluvial plain below the bluffs around the harbor and has a handsome appearance.

A number of vessels are daily arriving and departing, and indeed the town has an air of bustle and business which disappoints most of us. The town of Mackinac has 150 houses, including a court house and jail. It is the seat of justice in Mackinac county.

We find our canoes are too small and not capable of carrying our baggage and men with conveniency. Others have been purchased and we shall leave this better prepared to encounter the weather. Our party now consists of 41 persons. It will be augmented by a few soldiers from this place and a guard of 20 men who go as far as Saut St. Mary, at the foot of Lake Superior, where a grand talk and treaty is to be held with the Chippewa Indians. This will probably detain the expedition several days.

All the party have stood the journey without murmuring and appear anxious to proceed. Gov. Cass promises us we shall see the Lake of the Woods before our return. I am very anxious to go thus far, it will bound my wish to explore the physical geography of this section of the Union. I have just finished packing a box of 500 specimens collected between this and Detroit.

Submitted by Dick Winslow

Editor Comments: The newspaper in which this appeared in June 1820, prefaced this letter as follows: "Extract of a letter from a gentleman engaged in the expedition with Gov. Cass up the upper Lakes, to his friend in the village of Geneva." Historian Winslow thought it might interest readers as a window into an early time of small boat travel on the Great Lakes.

Information of Interest...

Registry of Antique and Classic Vessels

We at *Nor'easter Magazine* are undertaking to publish a Registry of Antique and Classic Vessels dedicated to the documentation and preservation of these vessels along the eastern seaboard. The deadline for submitting your vessel for listing (no cost) is December 1, 2006. Register online at www.noreastermagazine.com, or write to us at 102 Old Mill Plaza, North East, MD 21901 for a registration form.

Nor'easter Magazine, North East, MD

More on Tides

In the May 15 edition of *MAIB* a correspondent commented that his earlier request for reasons for there being two tides a day went unanswered. Some time ago this question of tides puzzled me, too. Many references simply state that the tides are caused by the gravitational attraction of the moon with some minor effect from the sun. This is true for one of the high tides each day but is not true for the other tide. The high tide on that area of the earth facing the moon is caused by the gravitational attraction of the moon. The high tide on the side of the earth away from the moon cannot be caused by the

gravitational attraction of the moon as that place is further away from the moon than those places on the earth that has low tide at the time.

After a period of research on the Internet, the real reason for the second high tide each day is now clear to me and not too difficult to explain. It is caused by the fact that, strictly speaking, the moon does not revolve around the earth. The earth and moon revolve around each other about a centre which is on an imaginary line joining their centres of mass. The duration of this rotation is about 30 days, or one month. Because of the much larger mass of the earth this centre is much closer to the centre of the earth than to the centre of the moon and is, in fact, about 1,000 miles below the surface of the earth.

The high tide on the side of the earth away from the moon is caused by the greater centrifugal force on the water on that side of the earth due to its greater distance from the centre of rotation of the earth and moon system, given that the (angular) speed of rotation is the same everywhere on any rotating system, including the earth. While the earth and moon are rotating around their common centre once every 30 days approximately, the earth is rotating about its own axis once every 24 hours. During one rotation of the earth the moon's position has moved on one thirtieth of its rotation about the combined centre of rotation, which explains why the tides "slip" about 48 minutes a day (24 hours/30, then convert into minutes).

In spite of many other explanations that can be found I believe the above explanation to be incontrovertible. The main source of my explanation is the NOAA organization in your country.

Howard Kinns, Greensborough, Australia

Editor Comments: Howard's magazines take about six to eight weeks to get to him by surface mail so he had not yet seen the follow-on correspondence on this topic when he elected to explain his understanding of it.

Opinions..

Robb Enjoyed Corresponding

Robb so enjoyed corresponding with many of you and the letters we have gotten in response to his death have shown us why. The readers of this magazine must be an especially thoughtful and caring segment of the population. I know Robb thought so. Thank you for all the sincere expressions of sympathy.

Jane White, Thomasville, GA

Robb's Influence

Like many of your readers, I was crushed to learn of Robb White's death. I won't strain my credibility by going on about what a great man Robb was since I never even met the guy. However, around here our calendars are dated BR (before Robb) and AR (after Robb). The transition date was when you started printing his pieces and exposed this free thinking southerner to the rest of the world.

Since I started reading Robb I've quit my 9-5 job, bought and repaired a number of old boats, spent five winters cruising the Bahamas, and even redesigned and built a boat.

I don't know how many of those changes to credit to Robb's influence (hanging out with Thayer certainly led me astray as well). But Robb encouraged many of us to forget the conventions and experts and follow our interests. He was such a competent "do-it-yourselfer" that he inspired confidence in many of us mere wannabe handy-men. The result is a happier, more fulfilled bunch of readers. And you get the credit for networking us all. About half of my friends now are fellow *MAIB* readers from all over the country, who I've managed to connect with on some trip or adventure.

Steve Axon, Challis, ID

A Big Help

I always wanted to better understand tides. The only book I found on the subject was not very clear. Hermann Gucinski's article in the August 15 issue was a big help. Please encourage him to write more.

Reid Weedon, Jr., Cohasset, MA

This Magazine...

Refreshingness and Unpredictableness

After reading your commentary in the October 1 issue, I had to respond. Part of the refreshingness of *MAIB* is its unpredictableness (whoa... whole lotta new words we're learnin' here tonight, folks!) I, for one, enjoy the fact that I may receive two issues in one week and none for another three. Nothing like a surprise!

Most of our lives are so regimented, ordered, and scheduled that anything we can do to counteract that is okay by me. I think that's why I like to sail. No matter how fast I may want to go (usually not too) one of the four winds is gonna have the final say. Moving along at a winderly pace, listening to the water, and feeling the breeze is just fine with me.

Keep doing just what you're doing and mailing just the way you're mailing. It's working, don't fix it! The only time this reader will call to complain is when you stop publishing!

Bob Errico, Manahawkin, NJ

Editor Comments: What a nice positive spin on the delivery problems we live with. Thank you, Bob.

Outdated Notices, Robb White, Etc.

Here it is the 25th of August and I just received the August 15 issue of your great little magazine and what did I find on Page 6 but a letter about the 24th Antique & Classic Boat Festival in Salem, Massachusetts, on Aug. 19-20. My first reaction was to check my last issue to see if I missed the notice then but found nothing on the subject. It seemed to me that if letters/notices are obviously not going to get to the readers in time, then maybe they should be dropped entirely. This is merely a suggestion to improve things a tad, but on the whole I think you do a great job with *MAIB*.

While I have your attention, let me vent my spleen on another subject. I see that you devoted three plus pages to tributes to Robb White. All well and good, but I hope this is the last we hear about him on your pages. In other words, "Let It Rest," please. I have developed a habit of just passing by his articles after reading a few of the early ones, and find reading the magazine more enjoyable

that way. I don't know if any other readers feel this way, but you might attempt to find out if you feel the effort is worthwhile. 'Nuff said!

Keep up the good work.

Neil Folsom, Standish, ME

Editor Comments: The August 15 issue should have reached most readers by that date so I included the notice for the August 19-20 event. But that issue was delayed over two weeks at the printer and was not even mailed until August 17! Sometimes things go wrong.

Robb White is likely to continue to be mentioned on our pages as so many readers, unlike you, looked forward to what he would have to say in each issue. My retrospective look at some of his best stories from 1997-2000 will continue to run through the December 15 issue.

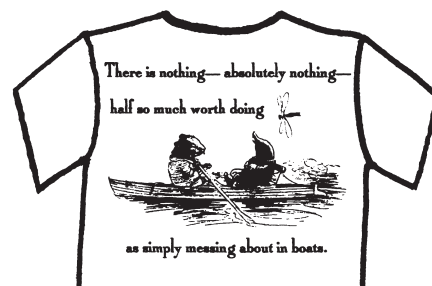
As a general rule about the magazine's content, I suggest readers skip over those articles that do not appeal to them and enjoy the rest.

Put Walt on the Road

Reading Walt Donaldson's article entitled "Spring Sharpie Sailing" turned my head. I'd say put Walt on the road so he can report back to those of us not able to undertake such adventures; Puget Sound, Mexican Baja, Maine Island Trail. His writing style made me want to read more, candid and yet understated.

Scott Brennecke, Warrenville, IL

Editor Comments: What a nice idea, being able to underwrite a cruising correspondent for our collective enjoyment.



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Every year this shows gets bigger and bigger. The biggest areas of growth are the race boats and the land displays. I'm not too interested in race boats but I can appreciate the work and craftsmanship that goes into them. I was pleased to see how much larger the land displays have gotten. Not just the vendors with nautical displays and items for sale, but lots of small craft of various types. There were also some larger boats on trailers on display. There were plenty of boats in the water, 80 in fact, and I was told that there were 160 registered boats, several other last minute arrivals, and one launch with two Irish guys singing old Celtic tunes (see sidebar).

It has been a couple years since the lovely and talented Naomi and I attended this show. We have been members for years but of late have not been too active with the local Niagara chapter. Owning and building sailboats, sailing, and other considerations have taken precedence of late. But we did enjoy our visit and got to see some pretty boats and visit with some friends.

This show has grown from an intimate, folksy show for the members to a very big, open for business to the public, event. It is a

Niagara Chapter ACBS 2006 Boat Show

By Greg Grundtisch

very good show, lots of boats to see, plenty of fast boats on the river making plenty of the noise that seems to draw the kids and crowds, and the various owners are still willing to talk and answer questions. It's a little crowded on the docks with so many people now, but I guess that comes with growth and improvement. Progress, yes?

The location of this show is the Buffalo Launch Club. It is said to be one of the oldest such clubs in the country. It no longer has any launches among its society members, mostly plastic now with the exception of a few large wooden cabin cruisers.

Its location is actually not in Buffalo at all, but on Grand Island, New York, an island that was the ancestral land of the Seneca Indians until it was taken by shifty land speculators despite signed treaties that "allowed"

the Indians to stay on a portion of their land. This was all many moons ago. A recent legal settlement was agreed upon which gave the Indians millions of dollars, no land, and permission to own and operate casinos in western New York. Jeez!

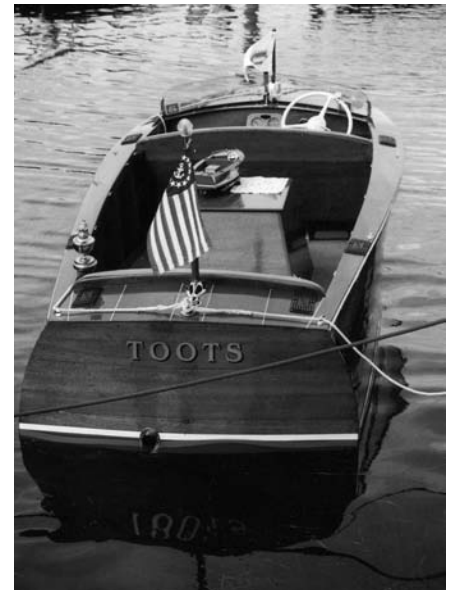
That has nothing to do with the show, it's just some trivia that I offered up to a couple of members of the Launch Club who were speaking from ignorance about the history and development of this once very beautiful island in the Niagara River.

To sum up for those who have not lost interest, this is a show worth going to. It is by far one of the biggest of its kind just behind the annual one held in Clayton, New York, at the Antique Boat Museum.

The Launch Club grounds are beautiful and the boats were, too. There was plenty to eat and drink. There was also nautical and antique boat stuff to buy. The accommodations are relatively inexpensive out at this end of New York State and the folks who attend, as well as those who put on this show, are very helpful and friendly.

If you enjoy antique motorboats you will really enjoy this show. It is worth the trip to western New York on the weekend following Labor Day every year.

Oh, for those who are concerned with my use of the word "Indian," it is still used on all the local reservations and casinos. The term "Native American" is only occasionally used. The Indians still call themselves "Indians" and if they are okay with it I am, too.





A Tall Tale on the Erie Canal

By Seamus Donagrain

It all happened one bright sunny Saturday. I received a call from a friend, Father Francis O'Malley. He wanted to know if I wanted to take a ride on his historic 1918 launch. He had just completed several years of restoring the boat and engine and wanted to see how it would do. If all looked good we would proceed down the Canal and over to Grand Island, New York for the antique boat show.

Father O'Malley said he would bring food and drink for the trip and picked me up on the way. We arrived at the boat launch, got the little vessel in ship shape, and slid into the canal.

Father O'Malley started her up and off we went. Everything went well and we decided to go to the boat show. It was still quite early in the morning and I told Father I would take a nap in the aft seat. Shortly thereafter a loud speaker from the Sheriff's boat ordering us to "pull alongside and tie off" interrupted my nap.

I was a little groggy, having been woken up so abruptly, but I believe this is what I witnessed.

The sheriff's boat, with a captain and a crew of three mates, got fenders over and lines secured. The first mate addressed Father O'Malley saying, "good morning, Father, we were following your pretty launch for a few minutes and noticed you going from one side of the canal to the other. You haven't been drinking, have you, Father?"

"Well, of course not, me lads. I wouldn't think of it."

The mate then said, "What's in that container there on the seat?"

Father O'Malley replied with a slight bit of indignation, "that's just water, me son."

The mate then asked if he could look for himself and would you please pass it over to him. And so he did. The mate



removed the top, put it up to his nose, and took a sniff. The mate said, "'Father, that's not water, that's wine'!"

Father O'Malley put on a great look of surprise, looked up to the heavens, and replied, "well, look now, He's done it again!"

There was a bit of jeering and laughter and a bit of fast talking by Father O'Malley. It was then agreed that the wine would be confiscated, the sheriff's boat and crew would be given a special blessing, and we could be on our way promising to behave ourselves.

So off we went down the Canal to the show. I was at the wheel this time. As we got out of sight of the sheriff's boat, Father O'Malley pulled out another container. With a wink and a grin he said, "here, Seamus, me lad, have some water."

I was fully expecting more wine after what I just witnessed, so I took a pull off the bottle. To my surprise I found it to be Irish whisky. I said, "Father, this is whisky!"

He replied, "'Uisgo Beatha me boy, Uisge Beatha.'" [Gaelic-phonetic, "ishka bayha, Water of Life!"] Then he said, "bi beo an diugh." [Phonetic), "bibao n duha. Live for today!"]

Not wanting to argue with one having connection with the higher powers, I gave a dubious nod and repeated the phrase and took another pull from the bottle. We then proceeded contentedly to our destination.

We arrived at the show and had a grand time looking at the boats, visiting with friends, and discussing whether the bottle was now half full or half empty. Father O'Malley tends to wax philosophical at times.

It was overheard that we were going a little slow that fine afternoon. Actually, what I heard said by some was that we seemed to be half-fast, spelled phonically. Well no matter what, we had fun, and as they say, that's my story and I'm sticking to it. "Sona seols, Happy sails!"

Short Ships Rowing Regatta 2006

By Trisha Badger

Photos by Tim Arruda Photography

The 2006 Short Ships Rowing Regatta took place at Atlantic Challenge of Rockland, Maine, on September 10. More than 23 boats ranging from traditional peapods to six-oared Scilly Isle Pilot gigs raced around the three-mile inner harbor course. Open to all manner of rowing craft, wood and fiberglass, kayaks and canoes, singles, doubles, fixed seat, sliding seat, and gigs, the Short Ships competitors raced for fun, prestige, and awards.

Here are the winners:

Scilly Isle Pilot Gig: *Selkie* of Come Boating, Belfast, Maine, 32:23

Kayak: Ken Fink, South Bristol, Maine, 34:51

Sliding Seat Single: Gene Nelson, Deer Isle, Maine, 38:42

Fixed Seat Double: Evan de Bourguignon, Woodstock, Vermont, and Kevin Carney, Jefferson, Maine, 43:27

Fixed Seat Single: George Hill, Brunswick, Maine, 43:48

(Atlantic Challenge is an educational non-profit whose mission is to inspire personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and the traditions of the sea. For more information about Atlantic Challenge programs, please call (207) 594-1800 or visit our website: www.atlanticchallenge.com <http://www.atlanticchallenge.com/>)



Kevin Carney and Evan de Bourguignon of the Apprenticeshop approach the first mark in a 'Shop-built Whitehall.

Patty Montana of Tenants Harbor warms up prior to the start.



George Hill of Brunswick rowing hard into the wind.

The All Star Rowers/Team Saquish from Plymouth, Massachusetts, aboard the Scilly Isles gig *Mike Jenness, Sr.* round the first mark by the Rockland Breakwater.



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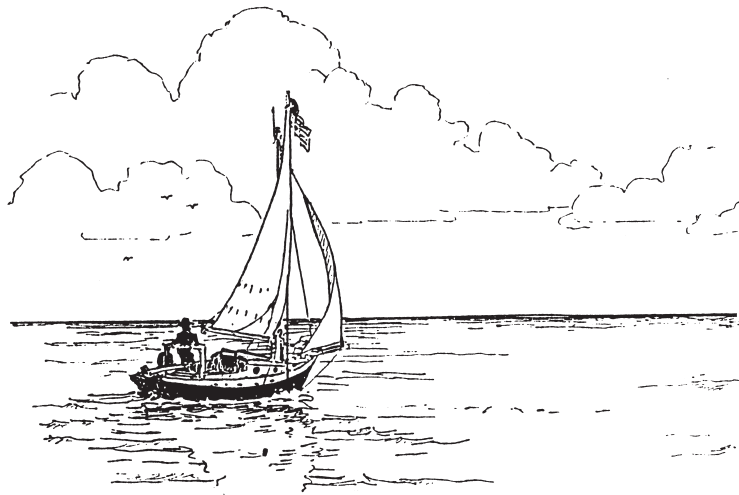
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The wind had been absent all morning. It was predicted to be light in the south later. Not very inspiring. But I was at liberty for five days and sooner or later there would be a stirring of the air. I cast off and got underway from the Inner Cove at Hamburg, Connecticut. *Blueberry* sort of knows her own way out to the Connecticut River under power once I have got her started in the right direction with the Autohelm. I undid sail stops and hoisted the main even though there wasn't enough wind to do anything for us. What there was was a breath of "apparent wind" breathing from the bow at a velocity that matched suspiciously the forward motion of the boat under power. But I had plenty of time.

Halfway down the cove I passed a canoe bearing a middle-aged couple paddling thoughtfully towards me. They hailed and I quieted down the diesel to hear their voices. "Have you seen a dog in the water?" he called.

I had not and said so. They explained that they had spent the night anchored in the Outer Cove and the dog had disappeared after breakfast. It was now just before 9:00 in the morning. They had put the canoe over the side from the mother ship and were out looking for him. I might not have seen him anyway since I had been in and out of the cabin while the Autohelm was minding our course down the east side of the Outer Cove. They pressed on past me, heading north.

I was starting on an eastern excursion, a four or five-day cruise on *Blueberry*, one that would revisit some of the places I had described in a chapter of my book, *Blueberry*, that was published in *Messing About in Boats* a number of years ago. That one was a "Solo September Cruise," but this was August and I had been sent out to have an adventure when my thoroughly musical wife Cathy decided to undertake a solo cruise of her own to Amherst College to join a great gathering of early music aficionados.

There they play not only the recorder (as she does) but also the sackbut, the krumphorn, the lute, and the viola da gamba, sometimes accompanied by tabor, finger cymbals, and tambourines. I love 15th and 16th century music, but live performance is way beyond my ability and I am supernumerary when my wife and friends gather to make music.

Still, her adventures into the time of the Renaissance occasionally allow me the opportunity to sail off to our local orient and explore the other seas of our near vicinity.

Recollections of a Cruise in *Blueberry* (A Dozen or More Years Ago)

By David D. Hume

The idea set me to musing on ancient Venetian mariners setting sail for the domain of the Grand Turk, accompanied by the trumpet blasts of Gabrielli and Orlando di Lasso or the madrigals and motets of Palestrina. I dreamt of liveried musicians and silken banners billowing from yard arms.

Then I saw the dog. Just at the point where the channel to the river branches out of the cove, he was swimming busily towards the western shore, towards the point that forms the edge of Abigail's Hole where the great big red 18th century house sits in its little meadow up above the water. He was a big sandy colored beast and he obviously wasn't in trouble. Seemed to be enjoying his bath, in fact.

I put about and headed back up the cove to pass the word to his master and mistress that their wayward companion had been found. I got back almost as far as Al Hine's dock before I gave up. They had just vanished. I felt sure they hadn't gotten all the way back to the Inner Cove. I started south again and noted that the dog was frisking about on the shore close to where I had last seen him. I figured they would all get back together when the couple paddled back to their ship.

On the way out of the Cove there was an elegant little black-topped tern perched on the green can that marks the south side of the entrance. He twitched a bit as we came along with the diesel popping and muttering, but he didn't fly away. The terns are newcomers to the cove this season. We always have the swans, the osprey, and the great blue heron. These are all thought to be more rare, but the common tern is a less usual bird on the Connecticut River.

There are a pair of old houses at the mouth of the cove, one of white clapboard and the other of a sort of plum-colored ballast brick, both 18th century in origin. Both have been refurbished and brought back from a state of decay in the last couple of years. I admire the work done upon them, although I

could have wished for more authentic window sash on such period houses. It is funny how I take a proprietary interest in the trim and decoration of other people's property along the river.

I guess I have no right to advise the owners any more than they might dictate window trim on my old house in Salem. But it's my river and I wish they had consulted me about the detailing of their handsome houses. There is a lot of new and expensive fieldstone terracing around the two houses and some pretty landscaping. Houses that front on the Connecticut River are expensive with or without new fieldstone masonry. Whoever owns them have very choice sites and lovely views most surely.

I continued under power with the sails just slatting, heading directly into the very gentle breeze from the south. But the tide was with me and heading down the Connecticut River towards the bridges that lead to the sound always gives me a great sense of adventure. A sailboat is a fine place to be even if you're just sitting on it. Some sort of forward motion makes it better, but you don't have to be burying the lee rail to enjoy yourself.

Passing close aboard the Dock and Dine Restaurant at Old Saybrook I waved to the handful of tourists on the dock next to the miniature golf course. Only one waved back. In the eastern reaches of Long Island Sound close passing boats are still rare enough so that almost everyone waves hello. In the crowded waters of the river, especially on weekends, people just drive past under power and ignore each other. It doesn't make me feel slighted, especially when it is a jet ski "personal watercraft." Taking one hand off the handlebars of one of those buzzing bullets could be a dangerous thing to do.

I finally found some wind from the west out nearly to Bell #8 which is really the sea buoy of the Connecticut River entrance, at least for the big boys who like to keep away from the Long Sand Shoal. *Blueberry* is always happy with the wind on the quarter and I set up the staysail as well as the big jib and let her sail herself. We were making reasonable time but the visibility was well short of the Long Island shore and I started plotting my position on the chart from the reading on the little Loran. Nothing I did seemed to make a lot of sense out of the Lat/Lon I was getting and I decided to use my eyes.

The Connecticut shore and the white shape of the Saybrook Outer Light receded into the golden gray of the haze and shortly disappeared altogether. We lapped along quietly in a featureless sea, only occasionally passing a lobster pot which indicated that we were not far from civilization.

An hour-and-a-half later I discerned a low blue shape off the starboard bow. Fishers Island? No, way too early for that, but that was what it should have been if I was on the course I thought I was taking. I checked and concluded that in allowing for the ebbing tide I was heading too far to the south of east. I corrected things by poking the little buttons on the self steerer and listening to its happy peeping of acknowledgement of my intentions. The blue shape in the distant golden haze obligingly moved around to my starboard beam. Staring hard I could see a tank standing above it. Plum Island! I was less far, not more so.

I fetched up a glass of lime seltzer on the rocks and put Kiri Takanawa on the little

boom box. Selected Puccini arias. Loud. "Mischiamano Mimi", "They call me Mimi..."

The mixture of human longing and shy flirtation in that piquant soprano voice filled the whole of the private space out in apparently nowhere, shut in by blue-gray mist before and a golden fog behind. I ate a nectarine and an expensive English oatmeal biscuit. This sort of thing will do for now.

But the afternoon grew hotter and by the time I was alongside Sarah Ledge, looking in at the big music tent at the Harkness Park on Goshen Point, I began to think of a shower at a marina. I consulted Embassy's Complete Boating Guide and followed the little facsimile of the NOAA chart up New London Harbor, past Green's and in under and through the open railroad swing bridge to Crocker's Marina and Boatyard.

I always say that *Blueberry* is a 20-footer when arranging to charter dock space for a night. In a slip most times I can get away with it. But alongside a bulkhead the management generally tacks on four feet for the bowsprit. I guess I shouldn't complain since the deck is really 20'3" and there is also a good 2' of rudder, boom, and suchlike sticking out over the transom on the other end. Still, I almost never use the yard's electricity and as a singlehander my demands on their water supply and shoreside plumbing are minimal.

I settled for a modestly extravagant \$30, at a posted rate of \$1.50 a foot that was the very least that *Blueberry* could get in for. I reflected that boat yards pay enormous taxes for their shore-side locations and have to clear almost their entire annual budget in little more than three months. The shower was refreshing, as was the clean shirt that followed it.

Another nice thing about Crocker's is that there are a couple of serviceable restaurants on Bank Street, just up from the dock. I found one that promised Italian food listing a dozen different sauces to be served with a single kind of pasta, spaghetti every time. The couple at the next table were sociable and considering getting a boat of their own. She worked for the phone company (or its current descendant) and he was a former professional football player. I don't know if people especially talk to complete strangers in dockside restaurants or if it would happen to me if I ate solo in other locations as well.

The tiny basin at Crocker's seems to be completely free of mosquitoes, "zanzare" as the Italians call them. Since the area is relatively low and there is little wind, this happy condition is probably the result of thin, invisible films of petroleum products that plug up the breathing tubes of the larvae. New London Harbor is a very industrialized body of water. But, in spite of the superior bathing facilities, a night at a dock is never quite as good sleeping as at anchor.

A sliced-up nectarine and ice cold milk on the Muesli in the morning was fine, but the coffee was vile. I think some of the dish detergent got loose in the dish compartment and there was a slightly soapy flavor to the cups. I sacrificed one of my water bottles to a thorough rinse job on all containers and utensils.

Blueberry has no built-in tanks and all water is carried in recycled one liter seltzer bottles stowed under the berths. There is a shallow well in the outboard side of the galley counter where a couple of bottles live to form the ready supply. It is easier to unscrew a plastic cap and pour than it is to pump into

a small sink while trying to hold the receptacle under the faucet with the other hand. Sometimes when I am showing off I lay in a few liters of Perrier or Evian to impress the guests. Howsoever, the water on my ship (which mostly comes from our own deep well in Salem) always tastes fine.

I was off down the harbor before 9:00am and cut soon to the east to head into Fishers Island Sound. Holding on to the tiller in light winds is far more tiring than steering in a breeze of wind. The self steerer is a god-send and gives the solitary mariner the opportunity to follow other lines of activity. Cathy and I have been learning Italian for the last several years and I bring along a couple of tape cassettes whenever the car or boat promise to allow spare attention to play them back. The first couple of repetitions serve to make most of the rapidly spoken Italian intelligible (eventually) and after that it is a matter of soaking up the new vocabulary and idiomatic expressions in a memory made somewhat non-absorbent by age.

One collection of tapes recounts the adventures of an engineer named Giorgio Ferrante who is perpetually getting his foot in his mouth while falling in love with his bright and pretty lady boss. The episodes are a sort of amusing soap opera and some of the meanings obscure enough to allow for a lot of repetition without damage to my attentiveness. I've been able to memorize a few phrase idiomatici this way. Mostly they are things like, "Thanks for the lovely evening," and "Grazie per la serata carina!"

Shortly we hauled aboard Latimer's Reef light, leaving it a half-mile to starboard. The breakwaters off Stonington were by then off my port bow and I headed in under power. Stonington is a picture-book town with a splendid little lighthouse that sticks out of the top of an old keeper's dwelling at the end of the town's peninsula. This is where the citizens of the young republic set up their two cannon to repel the marines sent ashore from a large squadron of blockading British ships that were supposed to punish them in the War of 1812. The British squadron was under the command of Thomas Hardy, a gallant officer who had been Lord Nelson's own flagship captain at Trafalgar a dozen years earlier.

The Americans fought off the boatload of marines and defied the heavily gunned ships offshore who promised retaliation by their intention of bombarding the town. Word was sent to evacuate the village before the shot began to fall. Since the citizens of Stonington were still defiant, Hardy let fly with a broadside that went clear over the houses and ploughed up the fields north of the town. He then made sail and went back to Gardiner's Bay. The people of Stonington have been happy with their "victory" ever since, but most historians think that Hardy just couldn't bring himself to level that pretty undefended village full of what he still considered Englishmen. After all, his real quarrel was with Napoleon.

I found a narrow gap at Dodson's gas dock and rather grandly ordered myself a full tank of diesel fuel. It is a real test of a boatyard's attitude toward sailboats to see how they react to a yachtsman whose purchase amounts to \$3.53 of fuel and the (free) use of their water hose to wash down his decks. Dodson's passed with flying colors. The neatly uniformed collegian (khaki shorts and monogrammed white T-shirt) sirred respect-

fully while handing over the hose and later suggested that I take a yard mooring just off the dock if I wanted to stay long enough to do my laundry. I accepted happily, picked up the mooring, and was brought back to shore on a positively regal launch named *Weatherly* that had once been tender to that America's Cup defender.

Along with the laundry I brought ashore four copies of my book, *Blueberry*, on the off chance that I might have an opportunity to restock the bookstore while I was in town. While the washing machine was doing its thing I walked up to the town green and called at the Stonington Book Mart where I found the very pleasant proprietor quite happy to take another couple of copies. By the time I had completed the negotiation I was out in front for the day and well on the way to clearing the price spent on the dockage of the previous night.

Later in the afternoon I met up with a friend who already had the book but was eager to buy another copy to have me sign as a gift to his daughter and son-in-law who were also sailors. By evening I was feeling prosperous enough to try a busy-looking dockside restaurant for a ritual martini on the rocks.

Seated at the bar I shortly got into a conversation with another sailor (Stonington is full of them) who had cruised far more extensively than I. When not in his boat he sold Subaru. Quite successfully, I would judge. He also recommended another restaurant, farther up the peninsula, across the tracks, where he said the food was better. After our second drink he also bought the last copy of *Blueberry* that I had been carrying around in a plastic bag.

Earlier I had retrieved the laundry and moved *Blueberry* to a free anchorage just inside the breakwater. The pleasant little restaurant at Dodson's was closed so I set out to explore. I crossed the weed-fringed tracks of the Amtrack Shoreline under the shadow of the viaduct that separates the borough of Stonington from the uplanders. The restaurant, called One South Broad, was crowded with lots of non-touristic customers. After a while they were able to accommodate me at the bar and a pleasant barmaid took my order for the angel hair pasta with scallops.

Stonington scallops are the best. They come in to the fishermen's dock in the borough and could not be more fresh. Stonington is more noted for its population of Portuguese descent than Italian, but whatever the ethnic background of the chef at One South Broad may be, he understands pasta very well indeed and uses a proper dash of Modenese balsamic vinegar in his salads. What with the profit of the day's book sales at my disposal I threw caution to the winds and had a double ration of Valpolicella by the glass and a cafe espresso decaffeinato.

I made it back to Dodson's well before 2200 and the launch boy was happy to take me home, all the way to the breakwater, for the standard \$2.50 charge for those not renting moorings. I was in an admirable anchorage and slept soundly.

The morning dawned gray and cloudy. My neighbor in a blue canoe sterned cutter admired *Blueberry* and asked about her design as I left. I yielded responsibility to Phil Bolger, which is the greater half of the story, and resisted the impulse to come close alongside and attempt to sell him a copy of the book. I had sold out most of the few that I had

brought along and I must not let the commercial impulse intrude to that extent.

Out in Fishers Island Sound I looked both ways. Watch Hill was just off my left shoulder, but I had a date as a volunteer at the Mystic Seaport Boathouse for the following day and there was some prediction of unsettled weather to come. I turned back west and headed for Mason's Island. With an undistinguished breeze and some time under power I managed to get through the Route One bridge at the 11:15 opening.

By lunch time I was tied up at the south end of the Seaport next to a pleasant old wooden fishing boat called *Stella Maris*. Many of the fishing boats of the post Puritan period of New England's history have Mediterranean names, but although the Stonington dragger at the wharf near the green is named *Florence*, I think it does not invoke the inland Italian city but more probably the original owner's wife.

I spent two days at the Seaport, much of one of them checking out visitors at the Boathouse who wished to rent period pulling boats that are there in the livery. I try to start the beginners in one of the two Maine Peapods, easy to row and to maneuver. The Swampscott Dory and the bigger Whitehall take a little more skill, especially since the latter is equipped with thole pins and thongs rather than oarlocks.

If visitors seem to have a reasonable amount of experience with sailing, we send them out in one of the four Beetle Cats that are part of the Boathouse fleet. When we have its spritsail rig up and working, the deep and beamy little *Sandy Ford* is an amazingly commodious sailer for her 12' length. And there are even boats for those who have never been to sea at all. The large and comfortable catboat *Breck Marshall*, Seaport Boatshop built and engineless, takes complements of six passengers at a time around about the docks and historic vessels for a \$5 passage per half hour.

The fare seems a bit steep to families with a couple of little children, but we carefully explain that the USCG rating of a vessel's capacity is measured in how many souls are aboard and the size of the bodies is immaterial. Whatever the cost, the trip is a delight and Doug Butler and the other skippers are elegant sailors, able to thread between dock and spile, jibe in good wind with great gentleness, and stop on a dime at the end of the boathouse dock while leaping ashore to tend their own docking lines. For many visitors at the Seaport, a trip on the *Breck Marshall* is a first experience with a sailboat, but even for the cognoscenti the exhibition of bravura seamanship is worthwhile.

Various staff members, both volunteer and professional came to call while *Blueberry* was in Mystic. Several stopped for a drink in the cockpit in the late afternoon. I sold the last two copies of *Blueberry* that I had aboard. Two people that already had the book came by to ask me to sign their copies. I sometimes wonder about the mystique of having a signed volume, much as it is flattering to the author. So many people have asked me to put my name in ink under the place where it is printed (much more clearly) that I begin to think that someday an unsigned copy of *Blueberry* might be considered a valuable curio.

The cruise was interrupted on the following day by the approach of a significant storm which was to pass close offshore. I snugged up proper spring lines and accepted

a ride back to Salem where I weathered the blow at home and returned to the sea when it presented a more cheerful and accommodating face. The storm was late in arriving and blew with moderate ferocity. So it was two days later that I was back aboard and ready to sail west to the Connecticut River.

The clear blue and bright sun of the clearing day after a front has passed is always a delight after a couple of days of hot and fitful breezes followed by a storm. The wind was doing about 20 out of the northwest and *Blueberry* descended the Mystic River promptly. Out in Fishers Island Sound again we were able to point due west and, despite a still unfavorable tide, we made good time towards home.

Off the broad opening of Niantic Bay I noticed that the Hamburg Cove club burgee had become partially unhooked from the pig stick and decided that I better get it down before it flew away altogether. Not so easily done as I had supposed. Descending past the jaws of the gaff, everything got kerflummoxed with the parrel line that encircled the mast about 6' above my stretching fingers. A couple of tugs one way or another between throat halyard and flag halyard and things were in a real jam, the flag would not go up and the gaff would not come down.

Since the mess up the mast wasn't interfering with sailing, I decided to let it be for the time being and kept on close hauled towards Saybrook while I thought it out. Going up the river I would have to be under power anyway into the northwest wind, but with the tide to help by that time. With the wind on the bow in the lower river I figured that I could clear the jam by cutting the parrel line and then heaving down on the flag halyard. Not impossible. I fastened my little key-hole hacksaw to the telescoping boat hook with the ever handy duct tape and extended the resulting gadget to its full 6' length.

On the way up the river, blushing at the unseamanlike appearance of the affair, I scandalized the gaff and put a stop around the resulting billow of loose sail. The lazy jacks (ah! remember the lazy jacks!) kept the reduced sail from swinging about too wildly. Then, with the Autohelm taking direct aim on the distant opening in the Old Lyme railroad bridge, I ventured on to the foredeck, stood on my toes and began sawing away at the $\frac{1}{2}$ " dacron line up there over my head.

I think I was beginning to make progress when a cheery fellow in a large power boat overtook me, waved heartily, and roared past, pushing up a 3' bow wave and a larger one off his quarter. I abandoned my sawing and got as tight a grip on the mast as

I could without letting go of that essential boat hook. The wake rolled *Blueberry* a good 15° or 20° to each side (it felt like more) and I managed to stay aboard. I wonder if that guy thought I was stretching up the mast like that just for the exercise?

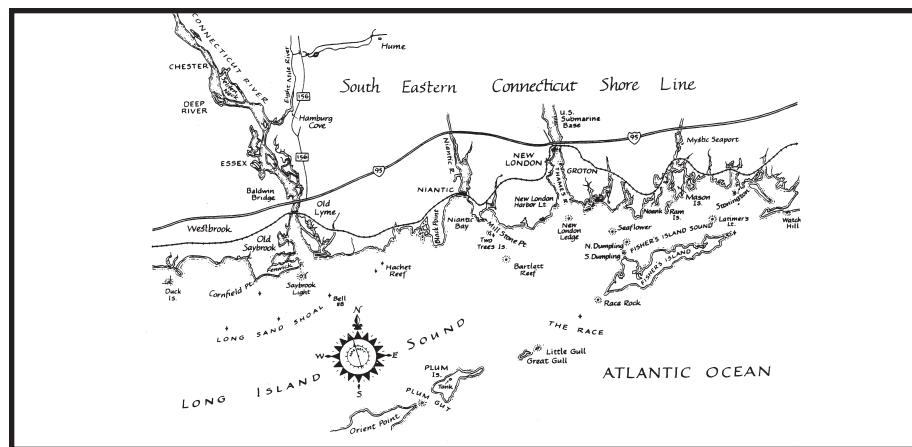
I managed to get the parrel cord cut before the next behemoth overtook me and with a sharp pull the whole works came down to a reachable level. I tidied up, reset the main, found the wind too northerly for its use, and powered on past Old Lyme, Essex, and Ely's Ferry where there is an elegant Federal style house painted yellow and white and set about with aged maples. The handsome facade of this Ely's Ferry house faces west towards the water. When all of these sizeable dwellings were built the river was the Main Street of the valley and traveling by boat to Essex was a quick and easy trip for supplies, while going by road even to the close town of Hamburg would probably take longer by horse and buggy.

The ferry for which the location and the yellow house are named was one of those ox or horse powered barges that was winched across the way by winding up a rope on a windlass that was turned by the animal working on a treadmill. Some of them were man powered by having the passengers pull the rope by hand as it came up from the river bottom and was let fall back over the stern. It must have been a muddy business.

An historically knowledgeable neighbor, Alfred Bingham, told me that Andrew Jackson made this river crossing while going between Essex and Norwich during a presidential grand tour in 1830. I presume the Ely house was here then and I am sure the two at the mouth of Hamburg Cove were. This east side of the river probably didn't look very different then than it does now, thanks largely to Rick Cooper and others who deeded large tracts of their riverfront property to the Lyme Conservancy. The west bank north of Essex has not been so fortunate. Too many over-windowed palaces over there.

In the Cove I counted four Blue Heron, a record for me, picking their delicate way through the shallows. There were also a pair of little white Egrets standing hunched under the overhanging trees of the east shore.

I tied *Blueberry* up at her bulkhead at Reynold's Garage and Marine and cleaned up. On the way home in the pickup truck I drove along the winding road north from Hamburg, the route Andrew Jackson took on his way to Norwich. Part of it is now called Darling Road in Salem where he must have gone past my house, old even then in 1830 about a century before I was born.



Here is a suggestion to single handers for getting off the mud under one of the most uncomfortable sets of conditions; namely, on a lee shore, while tacking, with very strong wind and rising tide. It may occur to some readers that by far the simplest method to adopt in such circumstances is to slack up everything and wait until the tide lifts her to ride windrode, as she certainly will with the wind strength that concerns these remarks. This may be all right if you've the time to spare and the tides are making, but you may have struck with only an hour or so more of flood to run and the tides may be starting to take off so that you must help the boat to lift and ride gently at the earliest possible moment and be all clear, ready to make a fresh start under any new shift of wind that may eventuate in the interval.

Generally the first effort exerted on becoming piled up is to lay out the kedge in such direction as will tend to pull the boat off by the way she went on, hauling from her stern or quarters. In advance, let me discourage this pastime as being fraught with a lot of unnecessary exertion between two sets of ground tackle occupying valuable minutes, only secures you a very second rate position at best for getting underway again and is not without danger to the lone hand. With the wind at half gale force and shoal water under you the waves will be quite steep, making dinghy work extremely difficult with its del-

A Single Handed Mud Job

By Peter Gerard
(Reprinted from *Fore an' Aft*, May 15, 1927)

icate guardianship of kedge and warp, and you cannot afford to bungle a maneuver like this. The main thing is to get the canvas off her as soon as you can and that will take you all your time apart from anything else.

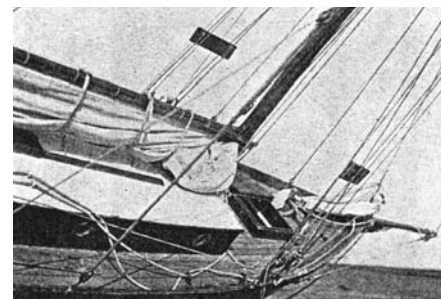
When you are "on" beyond any further doubt let the mainsheet run well off, slacking up the lee runner as quickly as possible to prevent her driving on further. Don't let the head sheets fly loose or they'll only flap themselves silly and get wound up around each other like writhing snakes. Loosen them enough to spill staysail first, then jib. You'll probably have to let the jib trail partly in the water before you can gather it in because of the head sheets not being quite free, but that's better than the labor and waste of time involved in disentangling them afterwards had they been left to their own devices. Have something handy with which to frap the headsails down on deck because they won't stop there of their own accord in half a gale, and with the wind pressing the hull on a list you want to reduce the windage wherever you can.

Next let the main and peak halyards go, having first triced up the boom and dropped the peak. Then haul in all the mainsheet as close as possible. Cast off the main and peak halyards again. They will drop a little way but the sail will still be too full of wind and at too much of an angle with the mast to descend with a run or be hauled over by hand. To assist yourself at this point haul in on the lee runner and belay it to one of the weather cleats in the well. Belay the main and peak halyards together (on one cleat for quickness sake), allowing enough slack for a mutual drop of a foot or so. Then get aft and manhandle the slack in the bunt of the mainsail as best as you can. As soon as you can drag it and the gaff nearly amidships, the throat and peak will automatically fall that useful extra 2' and should land the tip of your gaff almost clear of the topping lift (if it is unfortunately on your lee side and the gaff too long to clear it until half way down). But as the gaff when free will certainly swing out with the force of the wind and be very difficult to draw inboard, advantage can be taken of this by leading the peak and main halyards aft with you in one hand (clear of the jaws of the gaff, by the way) to where with the other hand you may lay hold of the head of it and guide it down to rest just awether of the boom.

In this way you avoid much fruitless exertion and loss of time by synchronizing two important actions, viz., slacking up the halyards and controlling the gaff. That ends the toughest part of the job, but the wind will still balloon out any bit of spare canvas it can find so you must frap a temporary turn round the sail with one of the head sheet falls which will be handiest, while you go to find a tier, remembering that the all-important thing is to reduce windage wherever you can. There is nothing more you can do after this except attend to the paying out of the cable as she lifts, and prevent dragging. As soon as her keel ceases to bump and she is riding head to wind, haul in on your slack, get the canvas set again, lash the helm in position for whatever tack you intend paying off on, break out the hook, and haul it quickly clear without bothering to catt for the moment, haul the jib awether and, as she pays away with certainty, get aft to meet her with the tiller.

And next time, my dear children, having learned by experience that it does not do to begin by disregarding the first law of seamanship, you will probably take the trouble to get the old lead line out of its locker nearby instead of guessing, even if it is a cold, wet job. For it's easy enough to assimilate a sequence of action from cold print and a quiet arm chair, there's such a deafening racket as well going on all the time that unless you have a pretty good mechanical notion of what you're about, well, "yer can't hardly hear yerself think!"

Her motto."If you're going to lie, lie well."





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A Day's Adventure "Off Cape"

By Steve Salley

This is an account of a day's adventure "off Cape" by four Cape Codders on the unfamiliar ground of the Massachusetts North Shore. I am not a Cape Cod native but am the most avid boater of the four of us. The others are all born and bred on the Cape and therefore natural watermen. The common thread amongst us is an interest in history; history of old ships, old automobiles, and old houses. We expected the day to provide plenty on these subjects.

The date was June 18 and it dawned pouring rain. Even so, the four of us piled into my 1949 Hudson sedan amply stocked with oil, gas, water, and luncheon materials. We put the big flathead six to work on Route 3 and bored north through the mull at periscope depth. The weather began to clear in the crawl near the Dorchester gas works and by the time we popped out of the Ted Williams Tunnel onto the North Shore in Revere, the sun was shining.

At this point a navigational error by a crew member in the back seat sent us overshooting the target and on north to Topsfield. We wound back east and felt our way by back roads into Essex center. I think you can only get there by first getting lost.

I parked tentatively in the sloping gravel lot at the top of public boat ramp adjacent to the museum. After chocking a rear wheel we staggered toward the whimsical, ramshackle buildings of the museum. The hull of the *Evelina M. Goulart* towered over all. I had ascertained that at this early date in the summer season the museum would be closed weekdays. We expected only to wander about. Instead we were immediately sized up by a most knowledgeable and attractive lady staff member who directed our attention to the Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Storey* lying in tidal creek mud between the museum's yard and Harold Burnham's works. Over there his crew was swarming about the planked-up hull of the schooner *Isabella*. Much of the scene was straight out of the 19th century.

While the museum staff was engaged with the last of many school groups we carefully examined the winches, boom trucks, bandsaws, forges, steam boxes, drill presses, planers, table saws, lathes, and every other manner of crazy old made-up and remodeled machinery that, together with the conglomeration of boats and logs and lumber and cordage and chain, constitute the museum. All is dwarfed by the great steel frame and roof that cradles and shelters the *Goulart*.

The noon whistle sounded and the staff gathered at a battered picnic table in the parking lot. Apparently our curious party met with approval as we were invited to pull the Hudson into the yard and join them at the table. The staff filled in many historical details and fielded a stream of our questions. Our lunch was steak sandwiches with lettuce and tomato, potato salad, and my lovely wife's chocolate chip cookies.

After lunch we looked in on Mr. Burnham's yard as he and his crew returned to work. There was quite a bit going on, what with the upper works and deck house of *Isabella* taking shape on the main ways and repair work alongside. We admired the band-



The *Lewis H. Storey* on the mud in the tidal creek. In the background is Harold Burnham's yard with the *Isabella* under construction.

saw mill setup and the store of raw logs, crooks, and sawn lumber and inspected the hull of the old *Friendship* sloop hauled out on the meadow.

By this time the incoming tide was lifting the *Lewis H. Storey* out of the mud. We returned to the museum grounds where, for the \$7 fee, we were treated to a detailed private tour of the museum and schoolhouse buildings with a senior staff member. The bright yellow schoolhouse on the hill above the shipyard contains a notable collection of half-hulls and there is a small theater where one views excellent videos from original film

footage on the Essex yards, the ships built there, and the great schooner races.

We came out into the bright sunlight and wandered through the old cemetery. The tide in the basin was well up and the *Storey* was afloat in the creek. We shared the last of the chocolate chip cookies with our guide and I pointed the Hudson down Route 133 toward a likely clam shack. Our reception at the Essex Ship Building Museum, our tour, and the vast range of nautical topics covered far exceeded our expectations. I think we all were left with a lasting sense of connection to an era thought to be long vanished and forgotten.

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I've been sailing the coast from Key West to Boston in my own and other people's boats, helping with deliveries and migrations.

The water just after leaving Key West en route to South Carolina was a sapphire blue. I had never seen blue like that. Then it turned the more familiar gray like New England off North Carolina. We were sailing off Florida towards North Carolina looking for the elusive Gulf Stream. We knew we were in it when our speed over ground was more than our speed through the water, usually from about four to about seven knots.

Also, there came sargasso weed in small clumps, small black flies with red abdomens in the cockpit, and small birds that looked like vireos or warblers but only about 4" long. I'm still trying to identify them, they came with the flies but did not seem to be after them. About 40 miles offshore they just flew into our cockpit and stood around a while, then flew off. The small gray ones flew below and stood on the counters and in the cabinets, then flew away.

We saw fish jumping, looked like marlin or swordfish, and dolphin. There were flying fish almost continuously, smaller ones along the Florida coast, then larger ones near North Carolina, about a half dozen on deck in the morning.

And the porpoise in groups of about a dozen flinging themselves out of the water around our bow, letting the boat pass, then racing back under our bow and doing it again and just racing in tight groups alongside

Standing Watch

By Don Betts

breathing about three times a minute, just a quick surface of their blow hole for the intake, no visible exhale. The porpoise seem to travel so easily through the water, slowing down to accompany our boat.

About 40 miles off Cape Canaveral a cruise ship passed astern of us, they responded to our radio call with, "We are a leetle bit off course, we would like to pass to your portside and stern." The ship passed about a quarter mile to our port and the porpoise were jumping under its flared bow, flinging themselves up in the air.

While I was on a night watch the porpoise were swimming alongside through the phosphorescence, lit in pairs as they undulated with our boat just under the surface. Being on watch I was at the wheel, the rule being to not leave the cockpit to go on deck and to let the off watch or the watch below sleep except for emergencies. So most of my wildlife observation was while at watch alone at the wheel.

I also saw two sea turtles on the surface briefly, they submerged and disappeared when I changed course for a closer look.

From a Memorial University song website I found and learned this song that kind of applies

"Dear Katie, I'm bound to the sea.
The clock strikes the hour to tell.
My shipmates lie waiting for me.
Now then Katie I bid thee farewell

(Chorus)
So long fond one, adieu,
My thoughts on you darling remain.
When I'm sleeping in my watch down below
I'll wander back to Katie in my dreams

We are out on the troublesome tides.
Rocked by the billows we are tossed.
Our barque over the ocean does glide,
While the man at the wheel keeps the watch.

I am marching the deck to and fro
My thoughts on you darling remain.
When you are sleeping so snug there on shore,
Your true love is out in wind and rain

Now we have reached our distant port.
Every jolly sailor gets on shore.
He will rise up a lovely glass,
And drink a health to the one that he adores."

This song works with the wave patterns while standing at the wheel of a small schooner offshore. Both the cadence and the content are right for the night for those long night watches.

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The first light of dawn was beckoning on this early August morn. It was sure to be a clear, not too humid day with a nice breeze out of the south/southwest. As I readied for work, which began at 7am, I decided to pack the cooler and load it along with my other sailing gear into the truck, intending to head to my boat right after work.

After arriving at work I set about my usual schedule, but as the morning hours drifted by the beautiful weather got more and more enticing. When the 11am break for lunch arrived I knew that I couldn't wait 'til quitting time, so I approached my boss and said "Hey, Boss, I've got a gottagosailing fever (mumbling the gottagosailing so it was definitely not understandable) and headache and think it would be best to leave."

He said, "Fever, eh, is that what you said?"

I said "Yeah, it seems really bad, is it okay to leave?"

He looks at me with, "alright but you better show up for a full day tomorrow."

As I hopped into my truck and drove out of the yard, I made sure by my facial expression that everyone thought I was sick. When I reached the end of the street instead of turning left to go home, I turned right and headed to the river where my sailboat awaited me and, of course, now I was wearing a big smile. To all this some might say, "Boy is this guy a liar."

To which I straighten up, face you, and boldly say "You are right, but I had to go sailing."

Shortly I arrived at the marina and, loading everything into the dinghy, rowed out to my boat on the mooring. My boat at the time was a Greenwich 24 which was a full keel sloop with classic lines designed by George Stadel, Jr. and built by the Allied Boat Company of Catskill, New York. Her specs were: LOA 24'3", Beam 7'3", Draft 3'. The mold and rights to the design were later bought by Cape Dory Yachts of Massachusetts. They raised the sheer line a few inches which lengthened the boat a bit, redesigned the cabin top and interior, and sold it as the Cape Dory 25. My opinion is that the Greenwich 24 will always be a little better looking than the Cape Dory 25.

After transferring all the gear onto the boat I tied off the dinghy to a stern cleat, stowed everything, and got ready to make sail. I hanked on the jib, removed the mainsail cover and stops, and hoisted the main, anxious to get underway. I cast off the mooring line and pennant and scrambled aft to the helm as she fell off and I was underway. Rounding the stern of the large catboat *Southwind* and dodging a few other moorings I soon was out in the channel. After tacking I quickly hoisted the jib and as the sails filled and we gently heeled, I was off to a beautiful day of sailing.

My mooring was located on the Pawcatuck River in southeastern Connecticut and after rounding Pawcatuck Point I headed northwesterly through the narrows of the channel with rocks on both sides. The well-marked channel proceeds through shoaler water and is sort of in the northwest part of Little Narragansett Bay and then goes on out around Sandy Point (which is an island) to port and continues out to Stonington Point (if you all have a chart, you can follow this).

Coming about off of the point I got on a close hauled port tack and headed out in a

Lying and Bad Metal

By David Simonds

westerly direction with East Harbor on Fishers Island as my destination.

It was perfect sailing with about a 10 to 15 knot breeze and just a small chop on the water of the sound. Leaving Noye's Rock close to starboard and crossing over Noye's Shoal, I figured to go between Ellis Reef and Eel Grass Ground before tacking and heading over closer to Fisher's Island. Now on a starboard tack it wasn't long before Latimer Light was off to port. Tacking again and coming close by Young's Rock, I was soon at the entrance to East Harbor. Making a few short tacks, I got up close to the shoal water in the south and southeastern part of the harbor, doused and furled the jib, then broke out the anchor and rode. With very little headway I got up into about 4' of water and dropped anchor, using the mainsail backed to help set it.

The reason I chose the shoals of East Harbor was that I had wanted to scrub the boat's bottom. So with my diving mask on and a piece of burlap in hand, over the side I went. Up for a breath of air and then down, then up again and down again, gently scrubbing all the while. After about 30 minutes of this routine I had a clean bottom on the boat and a tired body of my own. So tossing the diving mask and burlap onto the breakdeck of the boat, I clambered into the dinghy and then into the boat. It was the only way that I could easily get back on board, the rope ladder that I had was a real foot killer.

After making myself a sandwich and cold drink (yes, it was a Mount Gay Rum and Coke) I settled down for a little rest, but noticed that the breeze had almost died and the air had that clammy feeling to it. Sure enough, as I looked to the south across the low part of the island I could see the fog starting to settle in. Figuring that I had a fair amount of time before the fog engulfed me, I slowly finished my sandwich and drink. I figured wrong, the fog was now coming across the island and would soon be covering the harbor and shortly after, the Sound.

Many times in the past I had safely navigated in the fog from East Harbor to my mooring on the Pawcatuck River so I wasn't overly concerned. I got out my lung powered horn and then mounted the compass in its place at the middle and foot of the amidship companionway and near the forward part of the breakdeck. I ran up the radar reflector and then hoisted the mainsail. I hauled the rode and anchor aboard and, after cleaning it, stowed it away. The breeze was almost nil but the sail filled ever so slightly and I fell off toward the dock of the old Coast Guard Station which was still visible in the thickening fog. From there, I could just make out the can at the entrance to the harbor and headed for it.

With barely enough wind to maintain steerage, I decided to fire up the small outboard inside the stern well and let it help me along at a slow speed. With the chart laid out before me and now alongside can #101 I took up my course for Latimer Light, which has a loud bell and usually can be seen through the fog before one is upon it. The course would also leave the can at Young's Rock very close to starboard as I passed. After timing the lit-

tle over half mile run to Young's Rock, I failed to see it through the fog so I made a circle and as I came around, sure enough, there was the can, but it was a little further off than I expected.

Leaving it about 50' off to starboard I got back on my course. It only being another half mile to Latimer, in no time I could hear the bell but it seemed off course a little and I usually see the nun just to the south of the lighthouse itself. As I got closer I figured I'd better make another circle and try to see the nun. Sure enough there it came out of the fog but again it seemed to be a little too far off course.

With Latimer right there beside me and no tide setting me, I glanced at the compass to take up my next course when BINGO, something went off in my brain. Right there on the breakdeck was my diving mask with it's metal rim around the seal and it was resting just inches away from the compass exactly where I had thrown it earlier. Holding steady on course, I took the mask away and lo and behold the needle swung six or seven degrees. With the mask placed back alongside, the compass swung back on course.

"YOU DUMB, DUMB, STUPID PERSON," I said to myself as I threw the mask down onto the cabin sole, a good 8' away from the compass. Steering now on the right compass course, I picked up my next mark, the horn on the outer breakwater of Stonington Harbor as well as the bell buoy #3, which is a quarter mile before it and off to starboard. It came up just as it had many times before. My next mark was the nun off of Stonington Point and from there on in I could smell my way home, having done it countless times.

As I neared Stonington Point the fog started to abate and soon Sandy Point broke out of the fog and the whole shore was bathed in bright late afternoon sunshine. I sailed up the channel and cut across the shoal water into Little Narragansett Bay. With a light breeze now coming off the land I sailed back and forth across the bay 'til the sun disappeared into the fog in the west. I made my way up the river, doused sail and, with my little kicker, went the last few hundred feet to my mooring.

Secured to the mooring with the boat made shipshape, I sat in the cockpit relaxing and considering my day. I had had a great and enjoyable day and was thankful for it, but decided that lying to my boss was not the best thing to do, vowing not to do it again. And I learned a valuable lesson in that one has to be extra careful what is placed next to the compass.

All that said, I will be sailing again soon. More then likely right AFTER quitting time at work tomorrow evening.

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I have an aluminum Grumman Sport Boat. I know, what with all the pontificating I do, that such news is probably a shocker so I guess I'll have to explain myself... do a little more pontificating. I am no kind of purist about anything except for how I don't like to do anything that I don't want to do. I just love a good small boat (I am, at best, indifferent about big boats, they are kind of more trouble than joy, I have a long list of little things that I won't lay on you at this time).

It doesn't make any difference if the thing is made out of roto-moulded polyethylene or galvanized tin, a good boat is a good boat and a Grumman Sport Boat is a good boat. Of course, it ain't quite as good as the one in the shop right now... an open sea rowboat 16' long by 6' wide by probably less than 100lbs hull weight and so strong that three stooges couldn't stomp the bottom out of it, but a Grumman Sport Boat is a good boat... took me many years to figure out how to build something better.

The first Grumman Sport Boat I ever saw was way back in the middle '50s and I only caught the briefest glimpse of it on a trailer on the paved road behind a V8 Ford station wagon. I tried to get a better look but Momma's 36 horse Volkswagen just couldn't catch up no matter how hard I hunched behind the wheel. I was relentless in my pursuit even as a boy (15 at the time with a special driver's license that I had had since I was 14 because we lived so far beyond the school bus run) and it didn't take me long to interrogate around and find out what kind of boat it was.

Then I set to to get me one and an outboard motor to go with it. At first I tried to coerce my father into springing for the money by the use of eloquent explanation but he said, "We already got the Reynolds so what do we need another aluminum boat for?"

"It is so light and easy to handle that y'all wouldn't have had such a mess on that Ochlocknee River trip that time," said me.

"I don't have any plans for another Ochlocknee River trip in the near future, so I don't need the ideal boat," was his final statement. With that, I knew I had to get me a job and buy the boat on my own.

I went to work for the "Chicken King of Cairo, Georgia" (that's pronounced "Karo" like the corn syrup that originated in that metropolis). I didn't have to submit my resume or stand for an interview or anything. The job was unloading boxcars of chicken feed at 15 bucks a car and if you could do it before the railroad deadline, the job was yours, if you couldn't... and particularly if you couldn't pay the demurrage for the extra day (coincidentally, also \$15) your ass was gone. I was kind of small and unused to hard work but I was smart. I slipped in the side door as a striker for a big black man whose name will remain anonymous since I don't know what the statute of limitations situation is for some of the crimes that I heard him tell about in the close association we had in the chicken feed cars.

Robert had been a bootlegger during the best years of that business back in prohibition days. He had a series of stills back in the tributaries of the Ochlocknee River and was so slick that not only did he not get caught but managed to employ a good many folks and expand his business... "Had a still on every creek," said he. My family owns a good little bit of the land of the Ochlocknee drainage system. "Hell, boy, we had them all over y'all's place... yo granddaddy was my

The Best of Robb White 1997-2000

The Chickenfeed Boat

By Robb White

(Robb's long time infatuation with the Grumman Sport Boat all began when he was able to buy one with his "profits" from unloading railroad cars of chickenfeed as a scrawny undersized youth.)



The Grumman with the kids and their father fishing: That is my boat and those little children without PFDs are my grandchildren. That's my pond and that PFD business is my business. That's your worm, though, if you want him. I know he is dirty but you can wipe your hands on your shirt after you get him on your hook.

best customer," said Robert. My grandfather was already dead by then so I never got a chance to find out all about it but he was a fearsome bad alcoholic and never had to do without. He was the most wonderful man but that is another story.

Another thing about Robert... he was in the train wreck when the shaky trestle over the Ochlocknee River at Hadley Ferry broke down and the sawmill train fell in the river and scalded all those men to death in 1925. He was the fireman in the engine and ought to have been the first one to die but he dove under the water and, though the concussion of the implosion made him bleed out the ears, he was the only survivor of the whole crew... had to walk 20 miles to tell the news and nobody believed him because he was just a (...) (I ain't going to say that word because my Momma taught me not to).

So I tried to help Robert unload that chicken feed for free for a long time. I was too light to handle the damned hand trucks on the steep ramp. I helped load and trotted down behind Robert to help stack the bags but I could see that I would never be able to carry my end unless I could get to where I could get down the ramp without letting the load get away from me. I tried half loading but Robert said, "Boy, you kinda getting in my way with all that." One day (this mess went on seven days a week) Robert had to go to Memphis on business and sent his nephew to take his place.

The very first thing that happened was that the nephew let the hand truck get loose from him on the ramp and busted open about eight paper bags of feed. I said, "Boy, you kinda gettin' in my way with all that."

It took me from then until car moving time at 9:00 the next morning (about 26 hours) to unload that boxcar but I did it... 15 bucks... big money. I don't remember what all I had to do that time but I finally evolved a way to brake the hand truck with, first my shoes and then two pieces of flat belt that I riveted around the axle and stood on to drag on the ramp to slow the buggy down a little. Pretty soon I was able to ride the truck down the ramp, steering with my "brakes" sort of like a hotshot skateboard kid these days. Robert and I teamed up. He loaded his buggy while I rode mine down and dumped it at the bottom, then I would hurry back up the ramp with the empty buggy and get the next load. After the car was empty we would double-team stacking the sacks down in the warehouse.

Piecework in the face of poverty will make an efficiency expert out of most anyone and Robert and I made some pretty good money, enough for me to order a new Grumman Sport Boat and buy a second-hand, 3hp, two-cylinder Evinrude Weedless Three.

We both lost our jobs at the same time over oyster shell supplement. At that time ground oyster shells were either mixed with chicken feed or fed separately. A train car loaded with oyster shell was a bitch. Though the flimsy paper bags were much smaller than a 50lb bag of feed, they weighed 90lbs and the car waiting on the siding was just as full as it could be. It was real hard to even pinch any oyster shell car up to the dock and it was almost impossible to beat the demurrage deadline, no matter how bad we busted our asses. I am afraid that I was the one who fessed up at the "Chicken King" about it and cost us our jobs (which were eagerly taken up by lesser men who had to work late into the night even with carloads of straight laying mash).

I felt guilty and told Robert. "Unloading chicken feed ain't all I know to do," he said and I think he went into the rooster fighting business with some Cubans down around Miami, but that's just a supposition. He is still alive. In fact, he is the one I get my gardening advice from. He told me to go ahead and set out my tomato and pepper plants after the new moon of February 5.

"Dang, Robert ain't that mighty early?" said me.

"Naw, it's all over. You might have to cover them up with a sheet one or two times but they need to be in the ground with that hot manure," said he. I noticed the last time I passed his place that his were even bigger than mine. I think it might have something to do with all them roosters in those little cages behind his house.

Grumman Sport Boats are no longer built because (somebody told me) it was impractical to put flotation high enough up so that a sunk boat would pass the test and stay right side up with the engine that it was rated for (6hp) perched up on that flat-topped transom and five people sitting bolt upright on the seats. I saw one that had plastic doohickeys along the sides in an effort to comply, but that was a long time ago. Though mine is an antique (44 years old) it has enough flotation to hold up the engine, people, and the picnic, too, of course, the people would probably have to get out of the boat.

There is a long, useless foredeck with a bunch of some kind of primitive foam bulk-headed up under it (I think it is still in there) and the whole stern thwart (Sport Boats have three regular seats) is boxed in with foam. That's a case where they regulated out a good thing. I don't know but I bet there have been fewer people drowned in Grumman Sport Boats than there have been strangled to death with the prize in boxes of Cracker Jacks. All the people I have ever seen with one of those boats did not look like the kind that normally fool around and drown themselves.

A Grumman boat is 15'8" long by 54" wide (not counting the damned bush catching outboard oar lock sockets). The transom is 32" wide which separates it completely from a "square stern canoe." It is made with a good tumblehome to the stern which makes the boat paddle about like a canoe, actually better with only one person than a standard 17' Grumman canoe.

You'll know why canoes have tumblehome after you have paddled one of those straight sided fiberglass monstrosities of the '70s all day long. It is impossible to pull a tumblehome boat out of a one-piece mold and paddling one that you can pop out will get you right between the shoulder blades from having to reach so far out to clear the rail. Though I have paddled my boat many a mile, such is not the best propulsion method. A Grumman Sport Boat is a rowboat with few peers. You have to get mighty fancy to beat one with anything that short and wide (why, when I was 30 years old ...).

I like 8½' oars and my extra high home-made aluminum oar locks (don't use bronze). I learned a lot about rowboats trying to improve on that boat all these years. It ain't the shape of the front of the hull and certainly not anything to do with all those rivet stumps sticking out of that extruded "T" beam keel that makes the boat row so well, it is the fact that it has almost no rocker to the bottom and a planing boat stern.

Despite what I always thought, the stern of a displacement boat does not have to stick up any higher out of the water than necessary to clear the stern wave at the speed you are going to be able to make with the load you intend to carry. The Whitehall transom sits up so high because the man who was doing the work knew he was going to have a boat load on the way to and from the whorehouse. When I'm pulling in the stern station of my old boat all by myself (no matter where I'm going) the transom trims about ½" in the water at rest which is a "no no." You can "no, no" all you want to but you better save your breath if you intend to pull up far enough to see how she trims when underway without having to crank your neck (when I was 30 years old...).

I finally figured it out. A Grumman Sport Boat hardly pitches at all when rowed hard. The little drag the transom makes when slightly immersed as the boat tries to squat at the beginning of the stroke is offset by its steadying influence. I think that pitching makes the wavelength of the bow and stern wave longer and the amplitude higher than what is normal for a non-pitching boat running at hull speed. The net effect of pitching in a rowboat is to make it act like it has a shorter waterline length than it actually does and is going faster than it actually is.

Now, all my rowboats have a good wide transom close to the water but it took a long time to get it right. Which, I wish I could



The varnished boat with the old Weedless Three is my first successful improvement over a Grumman Sport Boat. It has about the same weight and dimensions except it is 16' long on the water. It will plane well with that Weedless Three and is a good sea boat. It is the pride and joy of its owner who has successfully maintained that all-over varnish job for many years.

build one for something like the Blackburn Challenge but getting back to the original problem, it costs a lot of money to outrun a Grumman Sport Boat and the folks that are still strong enough to pull hard for that long can't afford the boat. Oh, well.

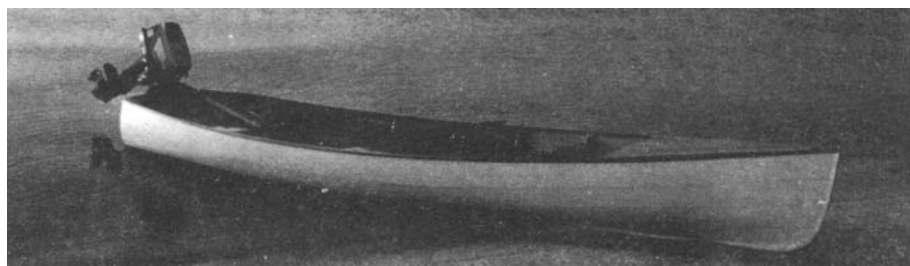
The other obvious thing that makes the boat run so well is that it is sort of light. Mine weighs 110lbs. There is a lot of erroneous lore about boats and one is that old foolishness about how a heavy rowboat carries its way better and that is supposed to offset the fact that you have to move all that extra displaced water out of that way. If heavy boats rowed better it would be possible to win races with a lot less money. As for me, I ain't ever had any boat that I wished weighed another pound.

Another lesson I learned from my old chickenfeed boat is that boats that are light, narrow, and easily driven at displacement speeds will plane most efficiently, too. My old aluminum boat will plane two grown people with a Weedless Three. I don't know any other production boat that will do that. With one person and a long tiller extension my boat will run 11 knots with that old '50s engine. The transition from displacement to planing is so subtle that it is impossible, without leaning over the transom to tell when it happens. There is never any wake. I figured that out, too.

What happens is that the boat begins to plane before it gets to its hull speed so it never makes enough disturbance in the water to have to climb any bow wave or tear away from any stern wave to get going. I have built a bunch of boats that run that way and I believe that 16' on the water is about the minimum. With boats that are borderline too short (like the Grumman) you have to make sure that you trim by the bow so you get all you can get of hull speed. That leads us into the problem section.

A Grumman Sport Boat is not ideal. It has about the same bow shape at the bottom as an aluminum canoe... no deadrise... almost flat. That makes it not only wet but pound bad.

The white boat pulled up on the beach is the best Sport Boat imitation so far... same dimensions except 16'wl and it even has the big, useless foredeck. The best part is that it weighs less than 80lbs... a delightful little boat. I wish I had it back.



My old boat will slap even the lightest chop hard enough to knock the oxide dust loose to blow back in my eyes (along with the spray). Even at low speed.... rowing... the boat pounds and throws water in a chop. That makes it unpleasant in anything but smooth water.

It is dangerous in rough conditions. If you trim it by the bow like you need to do to ease off on the pounding and get any practical displacement speed, it will root into the back of a following sea or one of those big, almost stationary waves that you find at inlets and river mouths on a falling tide. I don't think it would take much misjudgment to root one of them bad enough to broach around and turn over and drown somebody. If you don't trim by the bow the damn thing will not go to windward if it is even a little bit rough. It will pound so bad that you can't stand it and stick its bow up so high that you won't be able to hold it into the wind. About the only thing you can do when it breezes up is get back in the stern and go downwind. A Grumman Sport Boat ain't no sea boat.

I'll tell you this, though. Mine stays in use, the bottom is shiny from pushing through so many lily pads and acres of grass. There is no telling what it would read on the hour meter if it had one. It will go right in the back of a pickup truck and we can snatch it out and be long gone before the bass boat crowd gets through discussing the necessity of being able to go 70mph (statute) up the river. They won't ever see us when they finally get fired up because we will have dragged old "Chickenfeed" over into some virgin slough somewhere and will already have two or three big red bellies that have never seen a metal flake in their lives.

Whooee... Dang, let me put this computer down, I already had to pull the boat out of the bushes so I could measure it to set down the facts, might as well just slide her on in the truck... might go see if old Robert wants to go, he got them big black wigglers all around under his rooster cages.

Brothers' Boatworks of Lawton, Michigan, builds wooden electric boats to your order. We have several designs from which to choose, which can be customized to meet your needs. We can also work with you on a new design if you would like.

Our boats are handcrafted from marine plywood, white oak, and other woods. The hulls are coated with fiberglass cloth and epoxy resin. Other components, like the decks and seats, are coated with epoxy resin before being varnished or painted.

Options on any of the models include varnished decks in a choice of woods, slat seats in a choice of woods, and custom boat covers.

Just imagine... no fumes, no noise, no vibration. Instead, tethered to your dock is a sturdy, handcrafted, battery-powered run-about ready to do your bidding.

At 15', the Smoothee seats four comfortably for a cruise or an afternoon escape.



Smoothee

Length: 15'4"
Beam: 4'7"
Draft: approximately 15"
Weight: 300lbs.
Capacity: 4 persons or 500lbs.
Power, 55lb. thrust motor
Running time: 4-5 hours @ half throttle
Recharge: 8hrs. or overnight

(Building plans for this boat are available)
The boat pictured is equipped with optional mahogany slat seats and ribbon stripe deck.

Wooden Electric Powered Boats Built to Order

Just pack the picnic basket and shove off. With no raucous engine rattle you can converse in easy tones or just enjoy the sound of the waves lapping against the bow. Coast close to a mallard and her paddling brood or past a pencil-legged heron spearing the shallows. You are one with nature. A gentle glider that disturbs nothing... that trails no oily residue in its wake. Lie back, relax against the hand rubbed, slat-railed seats and listen for the call of a loon. And no fuss when you return dockside, just power up from your nearest electrical outlet.

Or cast off aboard the Scooter, a 12' skiff that's compact, yet just the right size for adventure. Every granddad should have this child-safe craft tied to his dock. Armed with



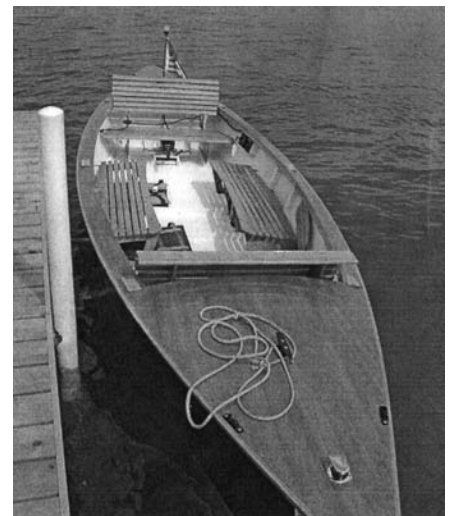
Scooter

Length: 12'0"
Beam: 4'4"
Draft: approximately 14"
Weight: 190lbs.
Capacity: 2 persons or 335lbs.
Power: 50lb. thrust motor
Running time: 4-5 hrs @ half throttle
Recharge: 8hrs. or overnight

The boat pictured is equipped with the optional ribbon striped deck and varnished seats.

poles and peanut butter sandwiches, a kid can share some serious fishing with a friend... or just jump overboard for a swim if the fish don't cooperate. With no danger from high-powered engines, the Scooter carries its crew to adventures on an island or deep into the bayou to count turtles sunning on a log. Always dependable, the durable battery-powered motor will tow a tuber gently in its wake or turn for home when day is done. Simply plug in to recharge the power and the Scooter is set for another day.

Email us or give us a call. We'd love to tell you about our boats, or better yet, build one for you. (269) 624-7173, brothersboatworks@att.net



Quiet Time

Length: 19'6"
Beam: 54"
Draft: Approximately 15"
Capacity: 6 persons
Weight: Approximately 450lbs. (including two 85 amp-hour batteries)
Motor: 75lb. thrust
Endurance: 3+ hours at 100% power

The boat pictured is equipped with optional white oak slat seats and ribbon striped deck.

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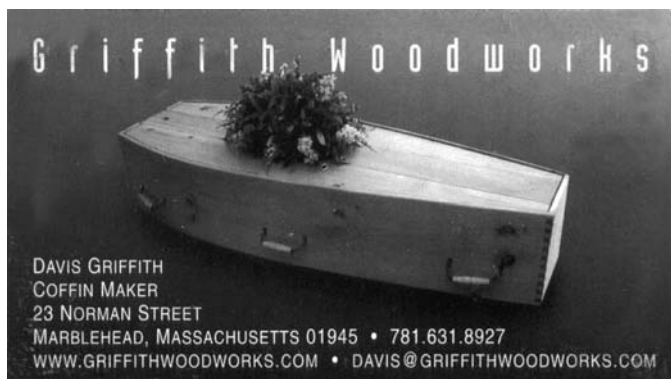
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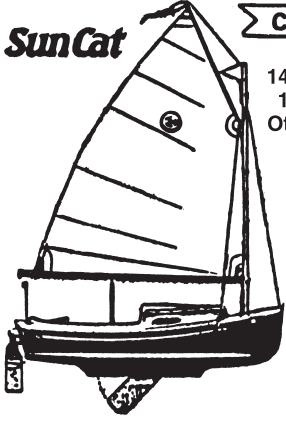
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In 1997 my wife became the Director of the Save Esopus Meadows Lighthouse organization. Our tour of the lighthouse revealed a partially restored structure located in the middle of the Hudson River. The nearest shore is 0.4 miles away and the organization did not have a boat at its disposal. Since the continuing restoration would require the removal of a substantial amount of old lath and plaster as well as rotten timbers in addition to the transportation of workers to the lighthouse, I proposed that we needed a work barge.

After designing the barge shown below, the group authorized its construction. One month later it was transported from my driveway to a marina with access to the Hudson River. It has been in continuous service each summer from early May through October.

Propulsion is provided by a 25hp two-stroke outboard fitted with a work prop. This gives us about 5mph for our 16'x8' barge. While the nearest shore has a heavy bed of water chestnuts and eel grass as well as a very shallow rocky shoreline, we are forced to keep the barge at the Norrie Point Marina located two miles away. Since the Hudson River is tidal with a nominal change of 3.5' at our location, we see a current of over one knot in both directions due to this change. Our travel time to and from the lighthouse ranges from 30 to 45 minutes depending on the current in the river.

Anticipating that the barge would be operated by different skill levels and with heavy construction loads, I chose to use dimensional Douglas Fir lumber and galvanized bolts and screws. Floatation is provided

Lighthouse Work Barge

By John Ralston

ed by inserting rigid foam "logs" between the frames. Protecting the foam from muskrats at the marina and accidental groundings, the space between the 2x6 runners is covered with 3/4" pressure treated plywood. The total capacity of these foam inserts is 6,500lbs.

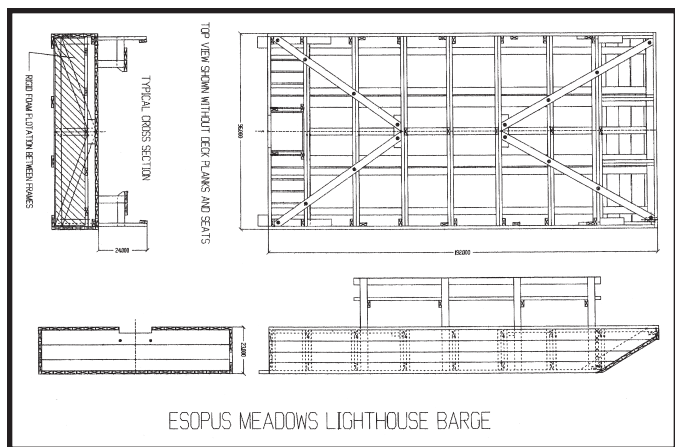
The barge is equipped with navigation lights as well as full Coast Guard required equipment. All wiring is contained in plastic conduit for ease of replacement if required. The local police inspected it and engraved our VIN number on the stern.

The only repairs required were the result of a fuel can leak which dissolved foam in the stern compartment and replacement of a board at the bow. The dissolved foam was replaced by unscrewing the short 2x6 boards from the bottom after section and inserting the new foam while on jack stands. The replacement of the bow board was as the result of a late season trip to the storage marina when we encountered 1/4" thick ice for the last 200 yards. The 2x8 board was almost destroyed by the cutting action of the ice. Since each piece on the barge is held by bolts or screws such repairs are easy to accomplish.

The barge has been used for the tasks originally envisioned but it has seen some interesting assignments as well. When a study was made of the bottom conditions around the lighthouse a drill rig was brought in mounted on two 40'x12' steel barges. Our

barge was used to position the drill equipped barges to the various drill sites. When the original tow boat was not available to return them, Ed Weber and I determined that we could return them the 28 miles by using Ed's 17' inboard-outboard boat as the tow boat while the barge would be lashed to the rear to provide some push but mainly to steer the barges. Partway down the river the tow boat was running low of gas and had to disconnect and go looking for fuel even though Ed had brought and used several extra gallons. I continued to push the two barges down the river during slack water making about one knot over the bottom. The people on shore could not figure out what was happening since the barges were several feet higher than the lighthouse barge. Being late in the season most of the marinas and boat clubs with gas docks had closed for the season. A cell phone call to my wife brought gas cans to a boat landing for refueling. After about an hour the tow boat was able to resume the tow. We arrived at the home location just at dark after spending the day moving the barges.

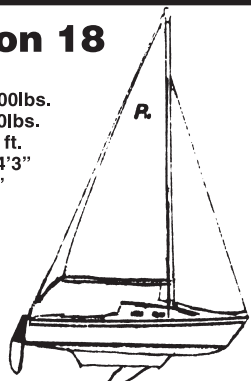
Last year we were able to start the installation of plaster board as a substitute for the original lath and plaster surfaces. We moved the plaster board one ton at a time from the shore to the lighthouse on the barge with a five man work party. The work party and barge operator added another 1,200 pounds. Seven trips were required to move all of the plaster board. This year the 2 1/4 tons of plaster was moved the same way in three trips. If additional information is desired about the barge or lighthouse, you can contact me at 13 Monroe Dr., Poughkeepsie, NY 12601, johnr9550@aol.com.



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The subject of what makes the perfect boat keeps coming up. One person's perfect boat may not be at all suitable to someone else, I have been reading Bob Davidson's series on the subject and we are not very different in our direction.

One thing that I have learned in five decades of boating is that larger is not always better. I have come to the conclusion that the enjoyment of a boat is inversely proportioned to the size of the boat.

When I was a boy the boats in my life were built for fishing. In those WWII days we owned a motor and rented a boat to put it on. Most of the rental boats were made locally and usually of cedar strip construction. Aluminum boats came onto the market when I was in high school but we didn't see much of them at first.

Years passed and I had a tour in the Coast Guard and worked with some pretty big stuff. I finished that tour and worked for a short time on tow boats. I got a real paying job working for the Corps of Engineers as a lock tender and boating went back to being a hobby again.

I had a young family and decided that a boat would fit the budget but I knew that it had to be a small one. My first boat was a aluminum fishing boat sold by Montgomery Ward for \$129. I still had my dad's old five horse motor and it matched up pretty well on the 12-footer. I built a trailer for it from a Ford rear end and we got along well for the next few years.

One day I got the urge to see if I could make a sailboat out of this skiff. I spent the late summer that year playing with lee boards and bed sheet sails that never worked out very well. This rig did one thing though, it gave me the bug to own a real sailboat.

By this time in my life I owned a home and had a shop in my backyard. The time had come to build a real sailboat. I did a plans search and finally decided on a boat that I found in a *Mechanics Illustrated* book, *How to Build Twenty Boats*. The boat that I chose was a boat called the Fun Fish. It resembled the Sun Fish very much. I also built a trailer to fit this boat and did a lot of sailing and racing in the Sun Fish fleet.

My children were by now old enough to sail and I found a wooden Sail Fish that got added to my fleet. The two sail boats got piggy backed on the same trailer. My pre-teen daughter convinced me that we needed a canoe and that came into my life about the same time that the aluminum boat went away.

My first canoe was a disaster. It was built by a mail order outdoor store located in western Minnesota. The boat was a Herters Wilderness Canoe and weighed in at 130lbs. This canoe suffered with the same problem that all the early fiberglass boats had, they were built of woven rovings, many, many layers of them. They got heavy and not really all that strong. It took the builders a few years to get that right.

Sailing was still my preferred water sport when I saw my first wood strip canoe. My life was about to change. One summer day a couple of Minneapolis firemen showed up at Lake Nakomis with a strip canoe that had been built at the fire hall during their slack time. They had plans that they got from the Minnesota Canoe Association. I joined this organization to steal their technology. I thought that I could build a better sailboat with the same systems. That sail boat never got built.

The Perfect Boat

By Mississippi Bob

As I hung around with these canoe folks I began to get more and more serious about canoeing. The first few canoes that I built were from the MCA plans but soon I was drawing up my own plans. I burned out my offspring with a few too long outings and soon I was paddling by myself. My bride thinks that a cruise should be with Holland America so the solo canoe came into my life.

Everything I built for the next 30 some boats was a solo canoe. Each one was an experiment. Some were quite good and some not. A few got put into production by the large manufacturers.

One day I was given an unfinished rowboat. It sat on the rack for a couple of years before I decided to finish it. I didn't really know what I was doing but I installed some seats and oarlocks where it looked right. I got it pretty good on the first try. The boat was somewhere between a dory and a guideboat. It rowed wonderfully. I had a lot of fun with this boat but the fact that it needed a trailer to move it got me thinking about trying to build a smaller, lighter boat that could be car topped.

I set out to build the biggest boat I could from two sheets of plywood. The boat that I turned out filled the bill as far as being car topable. It also rowed very well but it was too small to carry even a single passenger.

Somehow I drifted into kayaks. I wanted something to take out onto Lake Superior and my solo canoes didn't seem quite up to the task. I turned out a couple of strip built kayaks that were pretty good, then decided to try the stitch and glue system.

I looked at the Chesapeake plans and decided that I could do as well. I made a mistake of looking at their plan too long and ended up with a boat that needed a large skeg to make it behave. On the next boat I got it right by reshaping the side panels. I created a fairly decent large volume, stable sea kayak.

I built one more kayak. This time I wanted a boat that was simple enough to build that it could be a father-son project. I was aiming at a boat that would fit a large kid or small woman. I came up with another nice flat bottomed kayak that would handle my weight just fine.

Lake Superior is a long way from home so all of the kayaks got sold except for the 14' kid's boat.

I always wanted to build a foam boat so I did. I proved to myself that I could do it. The boat turned out to be expensive, heavier than I expected, and not really all that good.

The largest boat that I have owned was given to me by one of our good customers at Hooper's yachts. This boat was a Penn Yan 16.5' runabout, a wooden boat that was built about 1960. I hauled it home and covered it well for the winter that I had it. I considered rebuilding this runabout but the more I thought about it the more I decided that a new boat would be a lot less work and I really didn't want to start feeding the 75 horse Johnson that came with it. I found a buyer and my gift boat went down the road.

Everyone wants a boat that can do everything. I built Ratty's Boat. It sails, it rows, it carries a passenger. This boat was too heavy for this old man to cartop and my yard now has another trailer. The more I

messed around with Ratty's Boat the more I came to realize that I really liked canoeing after all.

Kayaking is fine in its place but its place is not on our local mill ponds. I never really liked paddling with a double paddle anyway. Kayaking can end up being a real equipment sport. There is always something else that you need to make the outfit complete.

Rowing is fun but after a while you can get a kink in the neck looking where you are going. I have had some bad experiences with the trailer boats. They do limit very much where they can be launched. Sailing is also a lot of fun but the weather has to be just right for the maximum enjoyment and the rigging and unrigging take too much time. I have seen too many days where I got to the lake, dropped the boat in the water, plopped my butt in, and was out unto the lake before the sailboat had its mast up.

My latest boat is a solo canoe built by Bell Canoe Co. The Bell Flash Fire was designed by David Yost from upstate New York. I feel that it is a real credit to the designer that this guy that has designed so many canoes buys one from a different designer. I always liked Dave's boats. They are almost as good as mine. The Flash was able to do things that none of mine could. Currently it is the best boat in the world.

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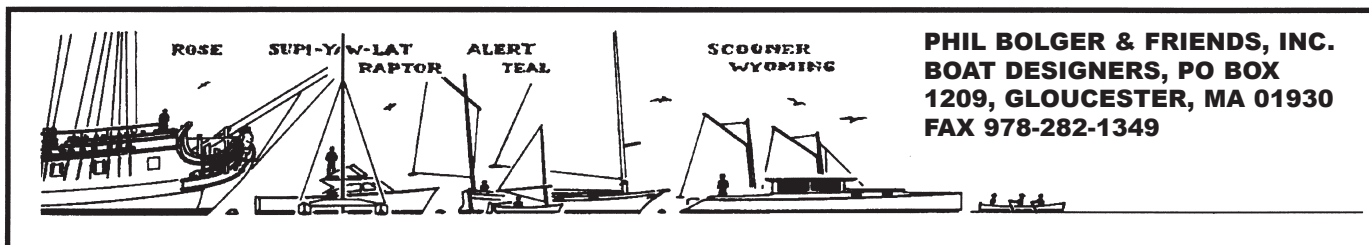
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See Review in October 1 Issue!



Back in the March 1, 1994 (Vol. 11 No. 20) issue of *MAIB* we described this design for a fantail launch with a photo of the original one built by Lawrence Dahlmer here in Gloucester. She's carrying nine people and a picnic lunch and doesn't look especially crowded. *WoodenBoat* later adopted the design, which kept it in the public eye, and many have been built.

The design originally called for WEST System™ cold-molded construction, but the first one was built in classical New England construction with steam-bent frames and carvel planking. They've also been built lap-strake and glued-strip. The first one had a 10hp Yanmar diesel with a 3:1 reduction gear. It was remarkably quiet when run at reduced speed, as it usually was, for five knots or a little better in no-wake waters.

The hull is appropriate for steam engines. The black boat is so powered. We don't have any figures on her performance but we assume it is similar to the others. We have not made any plans for this option as, while we have designed some steamers, we find that steam enthusiasts always have their own ideas and usually know what they are doing.

We've had a run in an electric version which had impressive acceleration and speed

Bolger on Design Fantail Launch

Design 419

23'0"x6'0"x1'0", 2,700lbs displacement

(probably actually around 6kts). We suspected that her range and duration were severely limited as her battery capacity was about the same as our 15' Lily to supply several times the power, but her strong performance in utter silence was striking. There was not even much noise from her bow wave and wake.

We did not make any plans for this option, though we have considerable experience with electric power in other designs. Sometimes it seems that most of our correspondence about electric power has to be devoted to explaining its limitations instead of touting its real amenities. We made an in-house videotape, *Life With Lily*, 86 minutes of our own electric launch being used to her best advantage in varied conditions and scenery (available for \$35 postpaid).

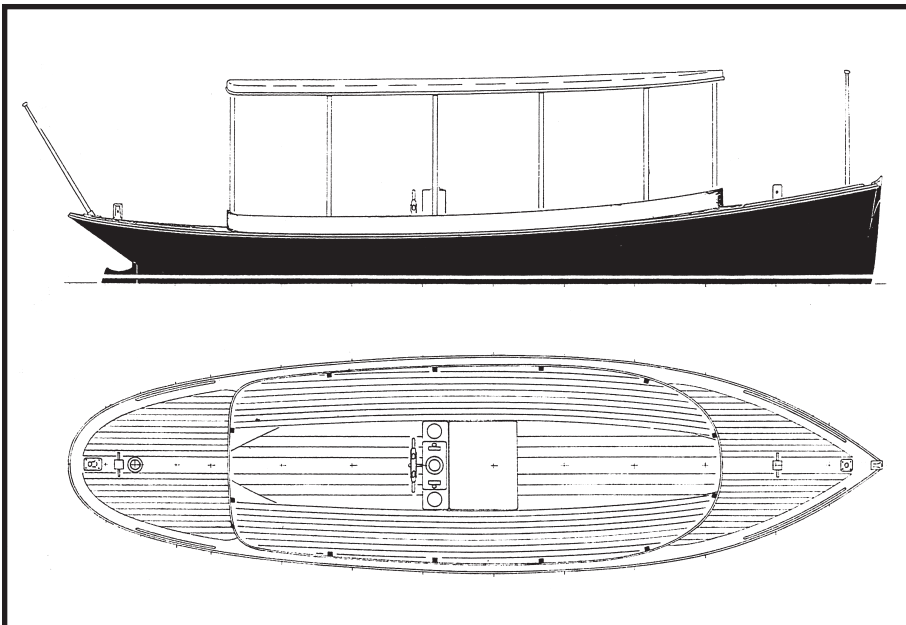
The occasion for this note was the arrival of the photos of the bright-finished

boat built by Bruce Hutchinson's Gull Lake Wooden Boat Works of Richland, Michigan, (269) 629-723. All of the boats to this design that we've had our hands on have been well executed and finished, but this one is the most elaborately finished and outfitted of all of them. We've now and then regretted that *MAIB* does not have color and this one is a case in point. Black and white hardly conveys the effect of all that rich varnish and polished brass.

The builder says, "It's a wonderful boat and he (the owner) loves her." The hull is cold-molded, but the outer course of her shell is laid as it would be in a carvel-planked boat. Given the tender loving care that boats of this level of finish and elegant shape(!) need, deserve, and usually get, we'd expect this boat to look just as she did when she was launched, say 50 years from now, with a long row of best-in-show awards on the shelf by that time. Real gold-platers like this are often good investments in the long run.

We can supply plans of the Fantail Launch, Design #419, for \$150 to build one boat sent priority mail, rolled in a tube. Plans show both the cold-molded and the plank-on-frame versions. Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc. P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





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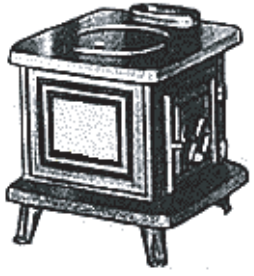
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Most people find the look of a cedar strip deck irresistible. CLC Shearwater kayak kits come with cedar strip decks as an option, but did you know you can put a cedar strip deck on almost any of our kayaks? The formula is simple and the carpentry straightforward. You'll need a sheet or two of disposable particle board, the "sheer clamp planing guides" from your kit, and a bundle of bead-and-cove strips in contrasting colors. While it's possible to cut the plywood deck off an existing boat and replace it with cedar strips, it would be better to decide on a strip-planked deck BEFORE you get to the decking stage.

How It Works: To make a "hybrid" kayak; that is, a kayak with a plywood hull and a cedar strip deck, you need to start with temporary molds installed in the hull. The strips are assembled on the deck in an eye-pleasing pattern, held together with ordinary yellow wood glue. The assembled deck is lifted off the hull, sanded, and its underside sheathed with fiberglass. The temporary molds are removed and the deck is glued back onto the hull. Finally, the top of the deck is 'glossed', the cockpit opening trimmed, and the cockpit coaming installed. The watertight bulkheads aren't altered and perform the same function.

Step 1: The Molds: All of our kayaks have radiused decks and the kits include templates for planing the sheer clamps to accept the radiused decks. Use the curvature in the

Hybrid Decks

How to Build a Kayak With a Cedar Strip Deck

Reprinted from *Notes From Our Shop*
The Chesapeake Light Craft Newsletter

template to establish the radius for the tops of the mold. The taller radius is for the front half of the boat, the lower for the rear half. Molds are placed on about 12" centers. Watertight bulkheads should be incorporated at the front and back of the cockpit. You must protect the tops of the molds and the sheer clamps with plastic and packing tape so the deck won't stick.

Step 2: Start Strippin': There are infinite possibilities for strip deck designs. We've seen mosaics, wild curves, and parquet effects. All it takes is a rough sketch of what you want to do and a sharp Japanese saw to cut and fit the individual strips. Glue the strips together with wood glue like Titebond II, which cures fast. You can use ordinary staples to hold the strips on the molds while the glue cures.

Step 3: Deal With the Cockpit: In the cockpit area the higher deck radius will transition to the lower aft deck. Terminate the front and rear strips in the cockpit as shown here, with the outer strips running continuously past the cockpit. Later you can trim the

cockpit opening and laminate the plywood cockpit coaming in place. Shearwater builders have a "cockpit apron," a plywood platform for the cockpit coaming.

Step 4: Lift the Deck Off: Pull out all of the staples and carefully pry the deck off of the molds. It'll hold its shape and you'll find it surprisingly strong. Set the deck aside and knock the molds out of the hull.

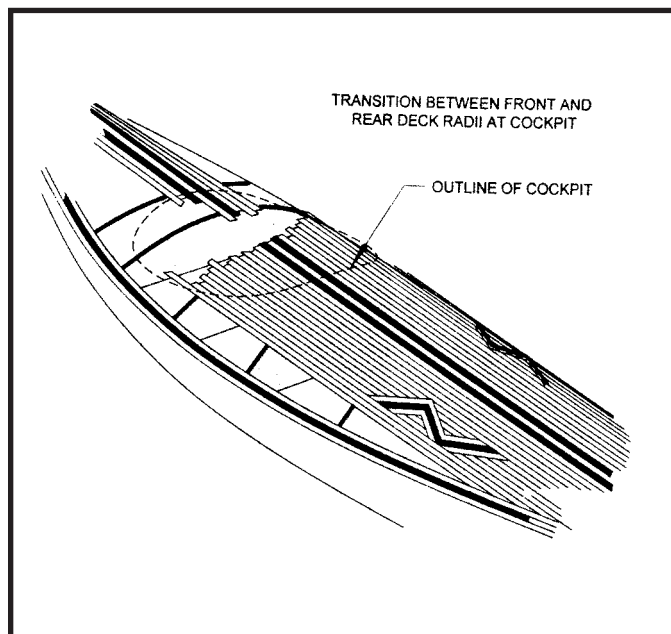
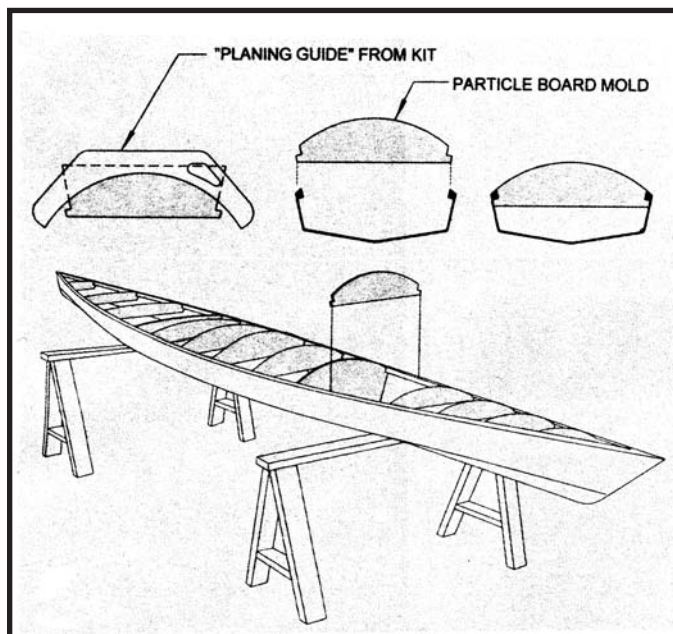
Step 5: Deck Preparation: With the deck resting in cradles, sand the underside completely smooth. Sheath the underside with 4oz fiberglass fabric set in epoxy.

Step 6: Gluing on the Deck: Unlike the plywood decks, a strip deck will already be fully formed to shape and thus attachment to the hull is easy. Slather thickened epoxy on top of the sheer clamps and bulkheads and hold the deck down with duct tape and tiedown straps.

Step 7: Fiberglassing: When the epoxy has cured, trim any overhanging deck and neatly round the joint between hull and deck. Sheath the deck in 4oz fiberglass, overlapping the hull sides by two inches or so. You're done except for installing the cockpit and cutting hatch openings.

Chesapeake Light Craft carries cedar and pine strips, \$3.20 per 8' strip. Let us know if you want to convert one of our standard kits to a hybrid deck.

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Two Tides Per Day

By Peter Jepson

Richard Ulian, in a letter published in the July 1 issue, was the first letter-writer to comment on my previous letters about why there are two tides (two high tides, two low tides) per day, even though tides are caused by gravitational attraction by the moon and the earth rotates only once per day. However, Mr. Ulian got the impression that I was posing the question, whereas I was in fact trying to get readers interested in ruminating about it.

I believe I have figured out why there are two tides per day, though I had never found written confirmation by any authority until I read Hermann Gucinski's article in the August 15 issue. Mr. Ulian says that his book, *A Sailor's Notebook*, contains the explanation and I shall send him the requested \$14.95 for a copy, particularly since the book was given an excellent review recently in *MAIB*. When I started to read Professor Gucinski's (I am sure Professor is the correct title) article, though, I realized quickly that I had flushed an expert from cover.

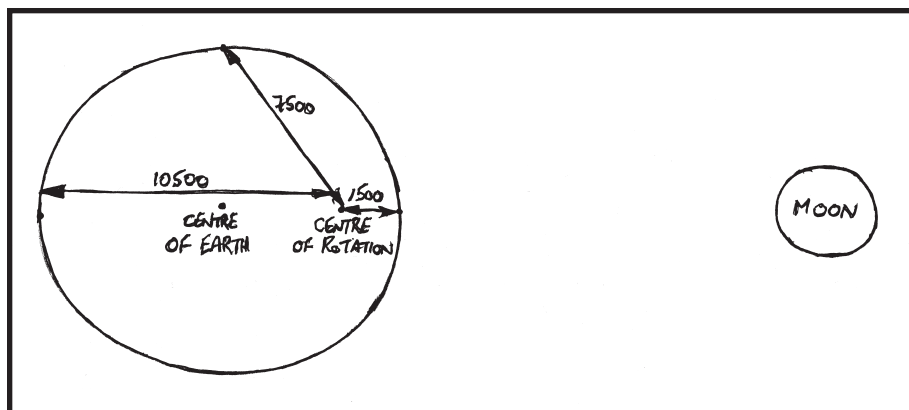
I sympathize with Professor Gucinski's love-hate relationship with centrifugal force. One can only explain why centrifugal force doesn't exist if one introduces centripetal force, which is the push on your back when you're in a carnival rotor, and the tension in his tail when you're swinging a cat around your head in circles. However, since every force causes acceleration of an object, and centripetal force acts towards the center of the circle, it is confusing to note that the object (self or cat's body) never gets any closer to the center of the circle. So centripetal force is, I agree, best left unmentioned.

Since Professor Gucinski's explanation of tides without centrifugal force, however, seems to involve a negative gravitational force, a concept which I decline to embrace, I prefer to simply agree that since we live in a rotating frame of reference (i.e., a rotating world), centrifugal force is a fiction we should live with.

Here, anyway is my amateurish explanation of why there are two tides per day. We are usually taught that the earth has only two motions, an annual rotation around the sun and a daily rotation about its own axis. And the moon, we learn, has a monthly rotation about the earth tethered, as it were, to the earth by gravitational attraction. But the earth must also be attracted by the moon! Since the earth and moon haven't crashed into each other yet, there must be another, opposing, force. In fact, the earth and the moon must both be rotating about a point between them and centrifugal forces must balance the gravitational forces.

The mass of the earth is 81 times that of the moon. If the center of rotation is placed such that its distance from the center of the earth is 81 times its distance from the center of the moon, the centrifugal forces on the two bodies are equal to each other and also equal to their mutual gravitational attraction. Thus stability, and if the earth and moon were both perfectly rigid bodies, there the matter would rest.

Fortunately for those of us who enjoy boating, the earth is not perfectly rigid, it is partially covered by a non-rigid layer. To explain the importance of this, I must introduce some formulae:



Gravitational attractive force between two bodies = Gmn/r^2 , where:

G is the universal Gravitational Constant. Don't worry about it, it's just a fudge factor. If our units for mass and distance were defined differently, G could become 1 and then we wouldn't even notice its presence.

m is the mass of one body (the earth in this case), and n the mass of the other (the moon).

r is the distance between their centers.

Centrifugal force on a body = mw^2s , where:

m is the mass of the body.

w is actually omega, not double-u, but anyway it's the angular velocity. Don't need to worry much about that either since the earth and the moon both complete one rotation in exactly the same time (about 29 days) so w is the same for both.

s is the distance of the center of the body from the center of rotation.

Since the distance of the earth from the moon is about 380,000km, the center of rotation I refer to is about 4,500km from the center of the earth, 1,500km below the surface of the earth, which has a radius of about 6,000km.

So for the rigid earth, and any little bit of water on the 'side' of the earth, the forces balance exactly:

$Gmn/r^2 = mw^2s$ for the earth, and $Gbn/r^2 = bw^2s$, where $s = 7,500$, for a little

bit of water of mass b (not exactly equal for the little bit of water, because the forces are not exactly in line, but close enough). You can see that the mass appears on both sides of the equations so it doesn't affect anything, and you don't have to worry about how much a 'little bit' of water weighs.

But for a little bit of water on the surface of the earth nearest to the moon, the gravitational attraction of the moon is increased to $Gbn/[r-6000]^2$, and the centrifugal force is decreased, to $bw^2[1500]$. Now the gravitational attraction is greater than the centrifugal force and the water is attracted towards the moon. On the other hand, for a little bit of water on the surface of the earth away from the moon, the centrifugal force, $bw^2[10500]$ is greater than the gravitational force, $Gbn/[r+6000]^2$, and the water is forced away from the moon.

So QED*: That explains the two high tides, one towards the moon (though there is a bit of a time-lag) and one away from the moon, with the two low tides corresponding to the 'sides' of the earth.

* QED, for those who didn't have to use it at school at the end of algebraic proofs, means Quod Erat Demonstrandum ('which is what was to be proved'), though we used to say 'Quite Easily Done.' And that reminds me of the motto 'Nihil Illegitimiis Carborundum', meaning (loosely) 'Don't let the bastards grind you down.'

Are You Moving?

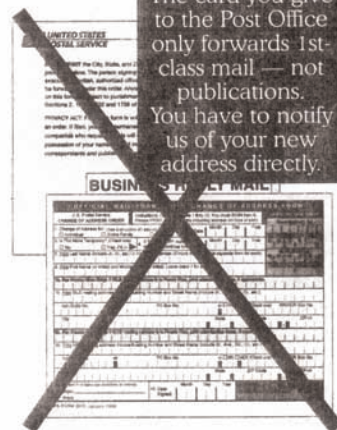
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Last time we talked about some modifications we could make on old two-stroke outboards to clean them up. Now let's look at making those modifications even more effective with a cleaner fuel.

Ethanol is that fuel. Since it is infinitely soluble in water; that is, soluble at any ratio, a small amount of fuel would dissipate relatively harmlessly rather than collect on the surface and choke off the oxygen exchange that aquatic life needs. Ethanol offers other advantages like being 100% made in the U.S., being an oxidizing fuel, and reducing combustion chamber temperatures. The latter is why race engines burn alcohol even though they use (toxic) methanol.

Lubrication

But how do we get two-stroke oil to dissolve in ethanol? It won't. At least cheap petroleum oil won't do it. But expensive synthetic oil will. So let's talk about what synthetic two-stroke oil is. Don't be confused by labeling. Some of the stuff they call "synthetic" is really just highly modified petroleum oil. This is not the same thing. We are talking about fully synthetic ester-based oil.

"Ester" should be a clue to those who know a little chemistry. These "fully synthetic" oils are esters of vegetable oils. In a word, biodiesel! There are plenty of sites and books on how to make biodiesel at home so I won't go into it. You probably can't get B-100 (100% biodiesel) at the pump and don't be fooled into buying B-20 because it's 80% petroleum diesel fuel and has nowhere near the lubricity we need. You might find someone locally who makes their own. Or learn how to make it at <http://biodieselforum.com>, click on "making a small batch."

For simplicity and comparability, though, I conducted these experiments with AMSOIL Saber Outboard, an ester-based synthetic ester oil. At around \$8 per quart it is rather expensive but it comes out comparable or cheaper than petroleum oil when you consider that you only need half as much. I also think they add something to this oil to help it cling to the moving parts better so maybe it's worth the money to buy it rather than making biodiesel. (Note: Don't confuse this with AMSOIL Saber Professional which is not rated for marine use. It matters.)

In case you were wondering, I'm in no way connected to the AMSOIL people. I only went with this product because a casual internet search led me to believe they've done the most work on applying synthetic technology to outboard oil. And being a major name in racing oil, it should be easy to find a dealer wherever you are. But I'm pretty sure any synthetic ester oil that's meant for outboards would be fine.

Now I should note that AMSOIL only officially recommends this oil for use in gasoline of no more than 10% ethanol. Apparently this is because it can separate into layers if left sitting still for a long time. The solution is simple, shake the tank before use. If you are towing the boat to the water this is highly unlikely to be a problem. Keep your fuel free of water, water makes it much harder to keep the oil from separating. I recommend venting the tank periodically rather than leaving the vent open. Less chance for water to get in.

Sounds Like BS to Me...

These claims of needing half as much oil sound fishy, don't they? Sounds like the

Ethanol in Two-Stroke Outboards

By Rob Rohde-Szudy
robrohdeszudy@yahoo.com

snake oil advertising we've all learned to laugh at. But there's actually some truth behind this one. Ester oils have about three times the lubricity of petroleum oil so you can get the same amount of lubrication with less oil. Apparently it's quite easy to outdo petroleum in this regard since petroleum oil is rather gritty and not the best lubricant around. We use it because for now it is cheap to make. But vegetable oils and their esters don't have any microscopic rock grit.

So how much ester oil should we use? AMSOIL Saber Outboard recommends 100:1 on the label. This is for newer engines that are made for 50:1 and these old outboards require about double that. So since the idea is that you need half as much, I use half of what OMC recommended with regular outboard oil. In 1955 they said 24:1, so 48:1. I made a measuring bottle so I could get just the right amount. I suppose there is some leeway here since the factory ratio is meant for 30W automotive oil. Even mineral-based modern two-stroke oils are much better than 30W auto oil.

But there's a wrinkle. There is some question as to the relative lubricity of gasoline and ethanol. There is little research and even less agreement as to whether gasoline or ethanol has better lubricity. One would think that gasoline has some lubricity and ethanol almost none. But this site, http://www.ilcorn.org/Ethanol/Ethanol_Sites/Small_Engines/small_engines.html, refers to a study that found ethanol blends had better lubricity in two-stroke engines.

The bottom line is that we have to trust our own observations over anything we read from someone who might have an agenda. So it might pay to err on the rich side. 48:1 actually seemed to work fine but I was concerned as to whether it would stay OK in storage. Ethanol is a good solvent and might wash the oil out of the bearings. At 48:1 the motor felt a little tight after sitting for a week so I switched to 40:1. It seems a little better now but I still feel like I need to use fogging oil if I'm storing it more than a week. This might be paranoia, though. But in the absence of reliable data, paranoia is not all bad. I'd rather use fogging oil than increase the oil in the gas any further because at least the fogging oil burns off and then it's done with. The oil in the gas is always there so we should keep it to the practical minimum.

At 40:1 we still get a cloud of smoke, but now it's white and doesn't smell nearly as acrid as the blue petroleum cloud. But you can also get fooled by the new smell. The ester oil burns with an aroma reminiscent of hot metal. Don't panic. Feel your waste cooling water to determine whether you're truly running hot.

Another Oil

There is another high-performance non-petroleum lubricant you might hear about. The oil of the humble castor bean is an excellent lubricant with incredible film strength and wetting ability. Castor oil is what aircraft

used back in WWI and it is still used by some high performance engines. This is because a small engine generating a lot of horsepower tends to squeeze the oil out from between moving parts which results in metal contact and failure (sometimes almost immediate failure.) Castor oil's film strength prevents this. The trouble is that castor oil doesn't burn cleanly, leaving gummy deposits in your engine. Most of us are not going to want to mess with periodically disassembling and de-gumming the rings so we can safely ignore castor oil. Besides, the engines we're looking at don't need this high film strength.

Ethanol

"So, what, do you brew this stuff?" You could, but it's a pain in the butt and in the U.S. it requires a license from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. Those with a survivalist streak might appreciate the fuel independence but be advised that it is not likely to be much cheaper than gasoline until gasoline gets a lot more expensive. See http://running_on_alcohol.tripod.com/id1.html if you're interested.

Unfortunately fuel-grade ethanol is not always easy to find. This is stupid, since it is easily made from crops we grow here in the U.S. (Can you feel the invisible hand of big oil companies?) Of course, ethanol is common in 750ml bottles as booze, but this is far too expensive and has sugar in it along with far too much water. We need less than 5% water (preferably less than 1%) and no sugar at all. Chemically pure ethanol is very expensive from laboratory supply houses but might be reasonable from an industrial solvent supplier. But the minimum order would probably be a 55-gallon drum or more and "reasonable" might mean \$3 per gallon. You can always call for quotes if you're curious.

Fortunately many urban areas have a gas station that carries E-85. This is simply 85% anhydrous (no water) ethanol and 15% gasoline. Apparently a number of cars made since 2000 were designed with the ability to burn E-85 just as easily as gasoline. E-85 costs about the same as regular gasoline (this might change as petroleum gets scarcer) and reduces hydrocarbon emissions about 85%. The latter is, of course, completely predictable since E-85 contains 85% less hydrocarbon than gasoline. The government will help you find sources at <http://afdcmap2.nrel.gov/locator/findpane.asp>.

Work on the Engine

Compression: First and foremost, check your compression. This isn't going to work in a motor with marginal compression. Unfortunately OMC seldom provides compression specs on old motors, which is terribly annoying. They only say that something is wrong if the compressions of the two cylinders are more than 10 psi off from one another. In 2005 Max Wawrzyniak coordinated the informal efforts of some fellow home boat builders to measure compressions. Among six or seven small 1950s OMC motors, compressions ranged from about 80psi to about 100 psi. One fellow changed the head gaskets on three engines for dramatic improvements in compression. I guess it's a known weak point on the older OMCs.

Changing a head gasket is an easy job on one of these engines... if the bolts come out without breaking. It helps to oil them, then tap them with a hammer a few times to loosen any corrosion. Then let it sit overnight

and tap again. Find a wrench that fits really well. Buy a fresh one if you have to. Then first tighten just a touch to break the rust and remove the bolt slowly if it sticks. If you wrench it out fast you'll generate heat that can encourage it to break off. As soon as there is space between the bolt head and cylinder head, use penetrating oil again. Replace the bolts if they're not perfect and consider using an anti-seize compound. If you break off a bolt in the block you'll need to carefully drill out the old bolt and chase the threads with a tap. You don't really want to mess with this so only change the head gasket if you really need to.

Some might be thinking that the compression ratio can be increased by using thinner head gaskets or having the head milled. I wouldn't try this sort of thing since it also increases the stresses on the connecting rod and crankshaft. If you break one of those in service it will likely punch a hole through the powerhead casting. "Game over," so to speak.

Fuel System

You may have read articles about ethanol in cars, which can require some relatively extensive modifications. In particular, the carburetor's jets need to be bigger. (If you have injection you need a kit for around \$600.) Here we have it very easy with simple old engines. We don't have fixed jets so we just open the mixture screws a bit when running alcohol. Isn't low tech great?

Of course, this is the kind of thing Ole Evinrude had in mind. Back in the 1930s, when he was designing the first aluminum block outboards, gasoline was nowhere near as consistent as it is today. It was expected that you'd have to fiddle with things as fuel quality changed.

But you should consider rebuilding that old engine's fuel system if you haven't already. Natural rubber gaskets from the old days can't tolerate alcohols, but modern synthetic rubber can. Besides, it's cheap and we're only talking about three hours or so. Max's articles or his book (*Cheap Outboards*) can guide you there.

One final thing to consider is your fuel tank. Steel tanks tend to rust faster with ethanol. I'd get a cheap plastic tank which will last about forever with any fuel if you keep it out of sunlight. If you have a pressure tank engine this might be a good time to convert it to a fuel pump. Again, Max's book is the best resource out there. It only took me two evenings to do the conversion, and one of those evenings was used up by designing and building a bracket to hold the new pump.

At the same time as upgrading fuel system parts, you might also replace the rubber oil line on the side of the crankcase. If it's original, and it probably is, it won't handle ethanol for long.

Spark

Ethanol is less flammable or volatile than gasoline and needs a blue-hot spark to ignite. This demands the ignition be in top condition. Anything less than a bright blue SNAP won't cut it. If you have trouble with igniting the ethanol, consider hotter spark plugs. But first try brand fresh plugs of normal specs and check the points for condition and gap.

In the articles on automotive ethanol conversions they recommend advancing the spark a bit. I didn't find that to be necessary in this case. But if you want to experiment

with it, all you need to do is adjust the carburetor synch.

It might be even better to add another cable and control spark and throttle separately. Model-T Fords and many other old cars were made to run on ethanol or gasoline and the operator simply added a bit more spark advance for ethanol. This has a side benefit of allowing the operator to minimize fuel consumption which is why some larger OMC outboards have a "fuel saver linkage."

But I haven't gotten around to messing with it so you're on your own there. And be warned that the spark/throttle synch is more ticklish on a two-stroke motor than on one of Ford's four-stroke machines. (Please feel free to write about it if you try it!)

Seals

Seals are one thing that worries me here. I didn't bother to replace any of the seals in the engine and I don't know what they're made of. If they are not alcohol-resistant they will eventually fail and I will have to rebuild the powerhead. Here I am mostly talking about the crankcase shaft seals and replacing them involves pretty close to a full rebuild. On the other hand, this is probably not terribly difficult on a motor with so few moving parts. (Famous last words...)

Starting Primer

Since ethanol is less volatile than gasoline, it needs more heat to vaporize. Cold starting might be a challenge in cold weather. The simple way around this is to add a primer bulb and a tiny tank of gasoline, maybe from a dead weed whacker or chainsaw. Then you can squirt some gasoline/oil mix into the carb throat to get it started. Once it fires there will probably be enough heat to vaporize the alcohol just fine.

Fortunately, using E-85 it seems fine without a primer in any weather nice enough for me to be boating. I suppose the gasoline parts vaporize fast enough to get it going. But if you're figuring on going fishing in cold weather, it might not be bad to have a backup of a small bottle of gasoline outboard mix. Maybe one of the little cans they sell naphtha lighter fluid in, the stuff for wick-type cigar lighters. I'd just use an empty outboard oil bottle and bring a 10 ml syringe.

How to Run the Engine on Ethanol

There are not many differences, but let's run through the process as if this is the first time we're trying ethanol.

Fill the tank with E-85/synthetic oil 40:1 mix, 3.2 oz per gallon. Or do it the smart way. A gallon is 3,785.4 ml. So 96.6 ml of oil per gallon of E-85. Use a syringe if you haven't made a calibrated measure.

Shake well before use.

Back out the high-speed mixture screw about a quarter turn from where it works well with gasoline. You'll refine this as you run it.

Prime the fuel line as normal.

Turn up the throttle to the "start" range, choke like normal, and pull the struggle string. When you pull it, gently engage the pawls, then pull the cord briskly. Too slow and the spark won't be hot enough. It should fire in three pulls or less, just like with gasoline. Don't bother to go past six pulls.

If it doesn't start, try a squirt of gasoline mixture in the air intake.

If it doesn't start in three pulls after that, something else is wrong.

Once it's running, open the choke. I find I have to baby the choke a little longer than with gasoline, just a couple seconds. Then I have to turn the throttle up a little higher than with gasoline to keep it running. After less than a minute of warm-up, I can use any rpm.

Adjust the high-speed mixture when you're up and running, then the low speed mixture when you have it warmed up and return to idle. (Just like that worn-off print on the cowlings says.)

That's all there is to it.

Results

Less smoke: At least nicer smoke. Not the acrid, choking smoke I used to have.

Less plug fouling: Surely a function of less oil.

No carbon fouling: It might be my imagination, but this stuff seems to have removed some carbon fouling from the engine. Maybe I can get rich selling ethanol as an engine cleaner.

Less water pollution: The usually oily sheen at idle is barely perceptible. And the oil that is present is biodiesel, which is more biodegradable. Ethanol itself is also relatively biodegradable in water and it forms no oxygen-blocking film because it dissolves in water and dissipates rapidly. Check out samples of the water from identical barrel-testing runs.



And the E-85 mix. I stirred in the 15 ml or so of waste fuel I caught in the bleeder bottle to make this comparable with the petro results above. I did the gasoline baseline before I did the bleeder bypass mod.



Here's the gasoline mix.

These water samples came from running starting up the motor in a new 5gal plastic bucket filled almost to the top, idling five minutes, running ten minutes in gear at halfway between "start" and "fast," then

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shutting down and immediately photographing the sample. The visible difference is readily apparent. It smells like a weak martini with ultra-cheap vodka, which is a distinct step up from the stomach-turning aroma of the former "petro-mayonnaise."

This isn't exactly laboratory water testing but the results speak for themselves, I'd say, especially since ethanol and ester oil are more readily biodegradable than their petroleum counterparts.

Broader Implications

There's more to this than simply reducing emissions of some "obsolete" outboards. In fact, these motors are no longer "obsolete" if their emissions are brought in line with modern expectations. Not only does this allow poor people like me to be more environmentally conscious, but it also reduces the need for new motors. It takes a tremendous amount of energy to refine, cast, machine, and assemble that aluminum into a motor. So getting more use out of the motors we have means less energy used, less oil drilled, and less greenhouse gas for the same end use served.

Even better, our new power source is not based (predominantly) on petroleum, whose carbon has been locked up for millions of years. It's based on corn and soy that were grown last year. This means very little net disturbance to the carbon cycle. You can almost view it as liquid solar energy. The only way to go boating with less impact is to row or sail.

Finally, nobody's kids or parents have to go off to the Middle East to get shot at to secure access to ethanol or soy oil. They come from farmers right here in the U.S. who desperately need the market. Why should tax dollars pay our farmers not to grow crops when we could be using these folks' skills to grow our own energy? Growing our own fuel paves the way for real economic stability and national security. This is true even if you think there's a lot of oil left, and it lets us save that oil for purposes where there is no currently viable alternative. I'd rather make that oil into epoxy than burn it. (Until they come up with soy epoxy, anyway...)

In that light, I hope this work is a small step toward a much greater goal. Either way, it sure makes me feel better about running that old outboard.

Further Reading

As far as I know I'm the only one to try a fuel of predominantly ethanol in an old two-stroke outboard. Please let me know if you find anything I missed! But others have worked on similar themes.

You'll also find a lot of noise about 10% ethanol blends but we don't care about those. It is annoying that they call these "ethanol blended fuels" with only 10% ethanol. I've never known 10% ethanol to make the slightest difference in any engine. In my opinion, this is a lot of false "controversy" generated by public relations firms working for the oil industry. *I have never used gasoline that didn't have 10% ethanol, and 10% isn't enough to anything clean up.* But we sidestep a lot of cold-starting trouble by not using E-100. I think that's the main reason they make E-85.

You will also find a lot of nonsense about ethanol in the fuel absorbing moisture and ruining things. Yet we add alcohol as gas line antifreeze to our cars to prevent trouble with water. This is because, obviously, the

alcohol absorbs the water so it can run through the engine harmlessly. Up to 10% water in a four-stroke presents no trouble. It is more likely to present trouble in a two-stroke since the water encourages the oil to separate from the fuel. So keep water out and shake your tank.

OK, here are those references:

The Thayer School of Engineering at Dartmouth College converted a 5hp four-stroke outboard to E100, <http://www.dartmouth.edu/~ethanolboat/>. They point out that ethanol is biodegradable and has a lower human and environmental toxicity than gasoline.

Unit of Biomass Technology and Chemistry, Swedish University of Agricultural Sciences published a paper on emissions of aldehydes and ketones from a two-stroke engine using ethanol and ethanol-blended gasoline as fuel. *EnvironSciTechnol.* 2002 Apr;36(8):1656-64. Magnusson R, Nilsson C, Anderson B.

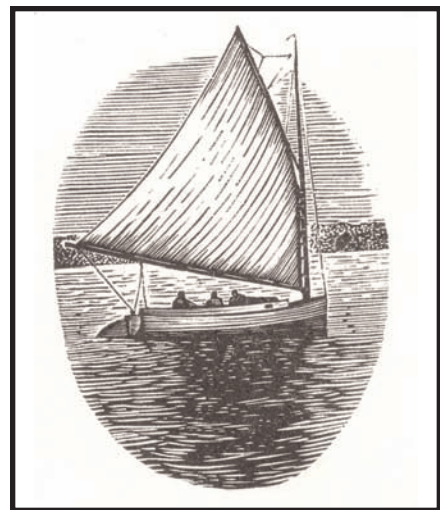
The State of Montana worked on ethanol-fueled two-stroke snowmobiles for use in the sensitive Yellowstone National Park. <http://www.deq.state.mt.us/CleanSnowmobile/faq/index.asp>.

Ethanol researchers in Africa tried ethanol in a chainsaw with good results. <http://www.scienceinAfrica.co.za/2006/april/reflux.htm>. They remark that it is much easier to use ethanol in two-stroke motors than four-stroke. I'm not so sure that's always true, but I'm pretty sure it is for modern electronically controlled engines. Remember that the Model-T Ford was meant to run on ethanol, so it can't be that hard. This fellow's experience suggested that ethanol needs a bit more oil than gasoline since gasoline has some lubricity and ethanol has almost none. <http://biodiesel.infopop.cc/eve/forums/a/tpc/f/669605551/m/638107099>.

Here the EPA weighs in on lubricity and other things. Keep in mind they're only addressing E-10 and note that they mention "limited data." (As I mentioned above, you are gathering your own data.) <http://www.epa.gov/OMS/rfgnonrd.htm>.

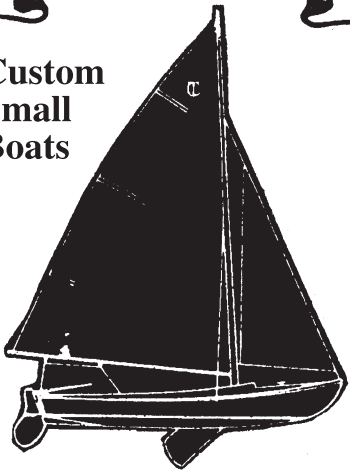
But this site http://www.ilcorn.org/Ethanol/Ethan_Studies/Small_Engines/small_engines.html refers to a study that found ethanol blends had better lubricity in two-stroke engines. Beware that "blend" often refers to E-10.

(A version of this article with more photos and less text can be found at <http://www.duckworksmagazine.com/06/columns/rob/maib2.htm>.)



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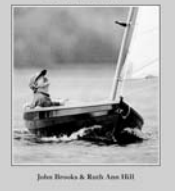
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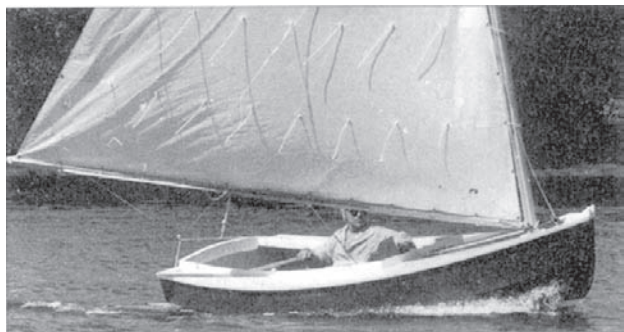
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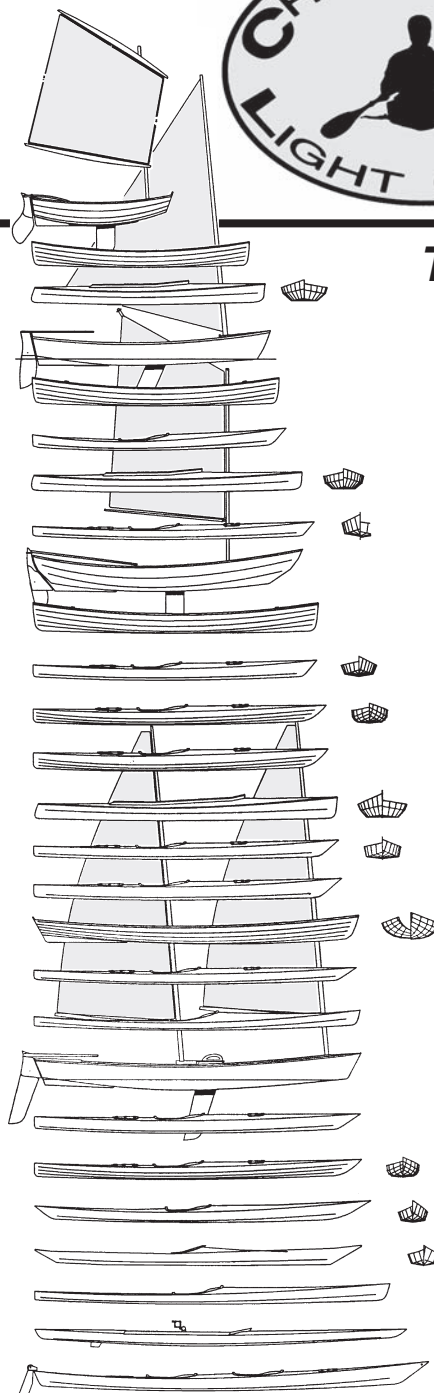
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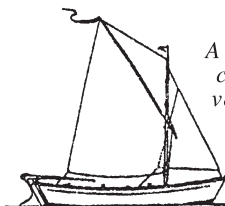
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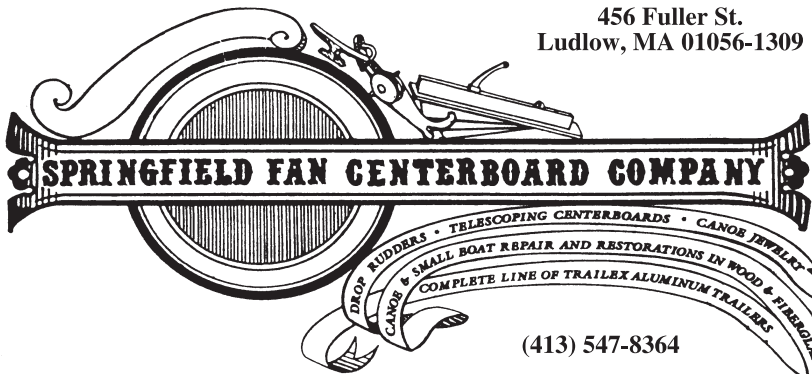
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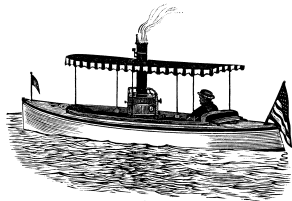
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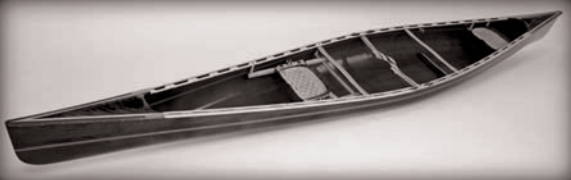
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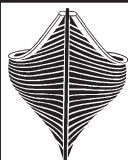
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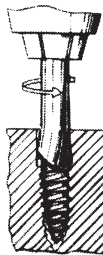
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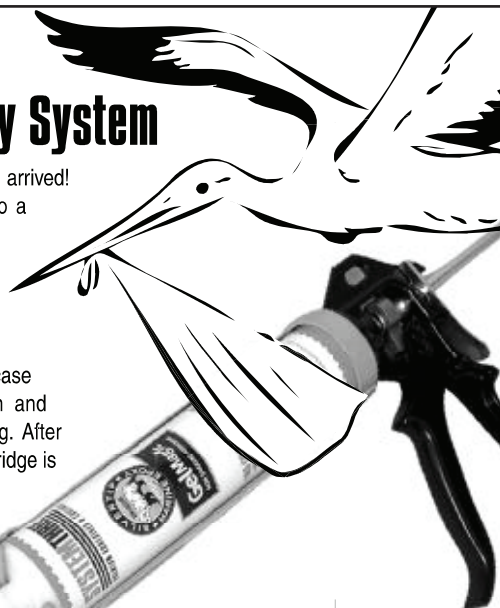
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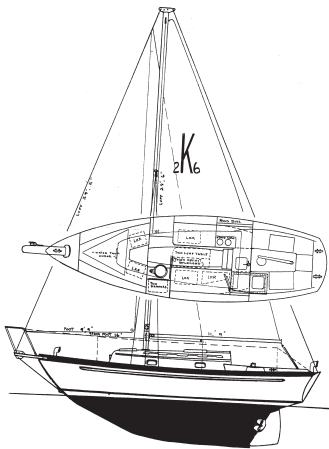
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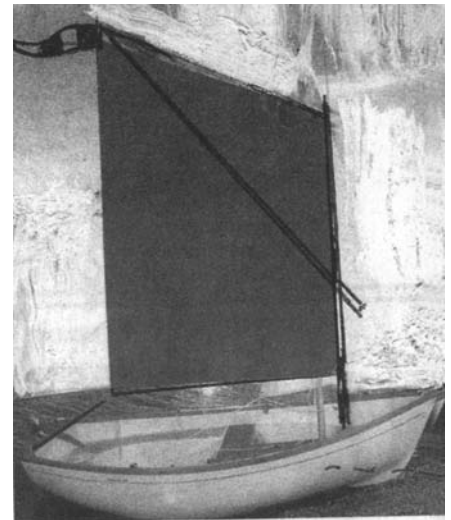
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To: guideboat@together.net
From: Marty Cooperman
Subject: re: another jaunt on Lake Erie

David,

As to your question, "would Edie be up for another similar adventure?" Edie doesn't like it when the boat gets yanked around by confused waves, and frankly I don't like it that much either, but in a different way. To her it's scary since she's not that used to open waters and questions like "is this safe?" have to be answered by me. She's not got comparable experience. To me it's uncomfortable - the rowing gets goofy as I catch an occasional oar, find my cadence messed up, and realize we're spending as much time going up and down as forward, etc. but I can see what the boat's doing and measure that against other experiences. I'm comfortable as long as it's not taking on much water - the first sign that we're getting into trouble. All we were doing was bailing out a few scoopfuls with a Clorox bailer. We never had to resort to a bucket. To Edie, used to the safety of land, heading in to a beach looks appealing. To me, a beach landing is far more risky than carrying on a safe distance from shore until we reach a good harbor. I'm not sure that the guideboat was designed to handle surf conditions. The only time I've declined to join local sea kayakers out in Lake Erie is when they took their river/squirt boats out in 5 - 7' waves to play in the near shore surf. That's where the guideboat really might swamp and capsize. So, yes, Edie said she will continue to go out with me and hopefully gain confidence that the boat will take care of us. At day's end she said she was horrified at the waves but amazed that such a small boat could handle them so well. Me too. Thanks for building a great boat.

Marty



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